# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume XI.

No. 1625. — July 31, 1875.

From Beginning Vol. CXXVI.

## CONTENTS.

		author	of " M	Iirab	eau,"	etc.,	•		Temple 1	Bar,				259
II.	FATED Part X								Good Wo	rds,	• .			269
III.	THE ABO	DE OI	F SNO	w. (	Conclu	sion,			Blackwood	d's M	lagazii	ne,		283
IV.	THE DI	LEMMA	. Par	t IV.	, .				Blackwood	d's M	Tagazir	se,.		299
v.	IN A ST	UDIO.	By W	. W.	Story	. Pa	art II	.,.	Blackwoo	d's M	agazin	ie,		306
VI.	FLOWER-	TRAPS	, .						Spectator,					316
VII.	SELECTIO	NS FR	OM TH	E H	ATTON	PAI	PERS,		Academy,					318
						PO	ETI	R.Y.						
A LIT	TLE WHI	LE,				25	8   A	FTER	MANY I	DAYS,				258
FOR A	TLE WHI					25	81							
	ITANV	•												220

# PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

# TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For Eight Dollars, remitted directly to the Publishers, the Living Age will be punctually forwarded for a

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the Living Ace will be punctually lorwarded for a year, free of postage.

An extra copy of The Living Age is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

#### A LITTLE WHILE.

A LITTLE while with tides of dark and light The moon shall fill:

Warm autumn's gold be changed to shrouding white

And winter's chill.

A little while shall tender human flowers In beauty blow;

And ceaselessly through shade and sunny hours

Death's, harvest grow.

A little while shall tranquil planets speed Round central flame;

New empires spring and pass, new names succeed

And lapse from fame.

A little while shall cold star-tapers burn Through time's brief night;

Then shall my soul's beloved One return With dayspring bright.

How oft in golden dreams I see Him stand, I list his voice,

As winning largess from his lifted hand The poor rejoice;

But waking bears that vision dear away, My better part,

And leaves me to this pale and empty day, This longing heart.

I cannot see Thee, but I love Thee. Oh, Thine eyes that read The deepest secrets of the spirit know

'Tis love indeed!

A little while; but, ah! how long it seems! My Jesus, come,

Surpass the rapture of my sweetest dreams, And take me home!

W. KENNEDY MOORE. Sunday Magazine.

#### FOR A TOKEN.

GOOD-BYE! God love you, since no sweeter trust

My heart can give you, or my lips can say, Or grief can utter, since but He alone Shall stand within the place I yield to-day.

Good-bye! for now and ever through the years, Till we meet out before the golden gate; You have to fight to win the narrow way, I will serve with you while I stand and wait. C. BROOKE. Sunday Magazine.

WHATEVER haunting care of life About my spirit cleaves If I but walk abroad awhile Among the breathing leaves, It seems as it were left behind Beneath the cottage eaves.

I do not ask for singing birds, Or floods of golden light; For if I do but ope the door On a dull autumn night, The shining rain-drops on the grass Will set my spirit right. ARRAN LEIGH.

THE peaches redden on the wall, Hiding in hollow cells of green, Where plaited leaves hang thick about, And scarce permit them to be seen; And so, in truth, good deeds should be Concealed in sweet humility.

The peaches redden on the wall, Though night's dark curtain drips with dew; The white stars show themselves, and shine Through moulded cloud and hovering blue. And, oh! to feel, past fruit and tree The lights of home shine forth for me. ALFRED NORRIS.

### AFTER MANY DAYS.

How lonely seemed her life now she had lost The love that gave to life its grace and worth !

How cold the clouded skies, how low and dull What erst she deemed most beautiful on earth!

Hers was a feeble mind that could not rise Out of herself to things of higher power; Busy with trifles, while an aching want Deepened and widened every listless hour.

And friends were kind, but, careless, passed

One of themselves, and happy as things go, Talked with her, helped her not, nor soothed The leaden sorrow that they did not know.

None gave her work to pass the weary days, Nor sought she any, lived in dull content, Yet thankful if a passing sunbeam strayed, For any joy that God in pity sent.

Then came the Lord to that deserted door That all men passed with hurrying heedless feet,

And she rose up, and opening found at last All she had lost within His presence sweet. Good Words. CAROLINE NORTH.

From Temple Bar. CATHERINE DE MEDICIS AND HER TIMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIRABEAU," ETC.

THE first years of the sixteenth century opened a new era in the world's history. The dark night of the Middle Ages had passed away; truly the morning broke cloudy and tempestuous, but ever and anon gleams of bright sunlight pierced through the thickest of the gloom, prom-

ising a glorious meridian.

In law, government, religion, art, literature, all was changed, or changing. The heterogeneous diversities of the feudal system were being consolidated into a homogeneous power. The revival of learning in Italy, of which the Reformation was an immediate effect, was rapidly emancipating the human mind from the fetters, rusted with age, of papal tyranny; the barbaric splendour of pre-Raphaelism was superseded by the chaste beauties of Da Vinci and the divine Urbino; ers whose works, after more than a thousand years of sepulture, were still vivid with the eternal youth of their own glorious sun-god. It was the first stage of that onward movement of humanity of which the impetus, following a physical law, is ever doubling and trebling through the space of time, and of which the goal is still shrouded in the mists of the future.

Of all the epochs of what is styled modern history, that of the Renaissance is the most interesting and picturesque. Much of the rude olden time yet lingered in this new world, as the light of the waning moon lingers upon a summer's dawn until it fades in the fiery beams of the rising sun. Chivalry, that, spite of all its errors and extravagances, noblest institution of the Middle Ages, was not yet dead; the imposing splendours of feudalmagnificence; the "Romaunt of the tions, and murmurs of "Huguenot!" A

Rose" lay side by side with the poems of Clement Marot. The Gothic and the modern mind were blending imperceptibly as the hues of the rainbow, and with something of the same beauty of effect.

In the streets of Paris and of every great town was pictured this contrast, this union. Here the sombre walls and vast gardens of a monastery, or the sublime grandeur of a Gothic church; there the bastard classicism of a king's palace, the temple of Jehovah, and a mock temple of Jove frowning upon each other; narrow tortuous streets of overhanging houses, carved and painted, picturesque and irregular, beneath whose shadows the Maid of Orleans or the conqueror of Agincourt might have passed; the shops below, open, windowless booths, such as may be now seen in Eastern cities, loaded with the costly velvets, the silks, the satins, the gloves, the perfumes, pearls and jewels and exquisite productions of the goldsmith's art, of Italy. Before these, while literature and all modes of thought groups of merchants, in their long gowns were being transformed beneath the and long hair, remnants of the costume subtle influence of the great classic writ- of the past, watching the cavalcade of some great noble, as crossing the open space of the market-place, with its great antique pent-house in the middle, it passes out of the bright sunlight that sheens and sparkles and flashes upon the silks and jewels, and glittering arms, into the subdued light of the winding thoroughfare; prancing steeds and clashing swords, and chattering pages gorgeously clothed in every hue of the rainbow; lords and ladies, the latter mounted on pillions, for Catherine de Medicis has not yet introduced the side-saddle, in velvet and silk girded with jewelled ceintures, embroidered with precious stones, adorned with diamond collars. Before a battered effigy of the Virgin, enshrined in a niche in a wall, every hat is doffed and every haughty head is bowed; for although faith has passed away, symbols are still superstitiously reverenced. But there ism still survived in the gorgeous cos- are men on foot, with close-cut hair and tumes and vast retinues of the nobles; grave faces, dressed with gloomy plainthe Church, albeit shaken to her founda- ness, who pass the effigy with head erect tion by the thunders of Luther and Cal- and covered, and who are followed by vin, had abated no jot of her haughty looks of savage hatred and loud execra-

gaily but not richly dressed young man, | drunkenness and gluttony of all ranks, with a handsome face full of intellect, and a bold careless air, whose salute, halfbright smiles from the ladies, and a cordial recognition from the gentlemen, raises his cap to the figure, but it is with a half-shrug of the shoulders and a scarcely disguised sneer. He is a poet, Clement Marot, perhaps. Strangely clad men and women, Bohemians, with black glittering eyes, and long dishevelled black hair that floats wildly about their dark, fierce-looking faces, thrust their wiry forms, agile as cats, among the horses of the cavalcade, importuning the riders to have their fortunes told. And some of the ladies halt, and the gentlemen too, and listen, with eager, anxious faces, to the utterances of these weird oracles. the heels of this procession follows another; no shining of silks and glittering of jewels this time - these are bare-footed friars starting on a pilgrimage. Distant sounds of music float upon the air, at which the monks shudder and cross themselves; the Huguenot youths in the Pré-aux-Clercs are singing the Psalms of David, which Clement Marot has translated and set to music.

Thus the old and the new encountered, and Catholic and Protestant scepticism and heathen superstition jostled each other.

The court of Francis the First was the most brilliant of Europe. The Italian wars of his predecessor, so fatally followed up by himself, had introduced into rude, half-barbarous France the arts, the luxury, the refinement, the literature, the scepticism and corruption of intellectual Italy. Artists and men of letters of all nations were eagerly sought after, and found here the most munificent patronage. Learning, which had been re-born a hundred years previously in the south, took a vigorous growth in its new home.

Those who would understand that age, should study the pages of Rabelais; its cities and varieties of men. Montaigne's grossness, its pedantry, its licentiousness life was calm and uneventful, one of and irreligion, are there reflected as in a learned and prosperous ease - and he of such creations as Gargantua and Pan- writings are infinitely less coarse than tagruel, there is little exaggeration; the those of his predecessor; but, I repeat,

the gross sensuality of the monks and churchmen, the absurd disputes and familiar, half-respectful, is answered by theses of the schoolmen, the all-comprehensive learning of Pantagruel and Panurge are all, though highly-coloured, veritable pictures. Here, again, we have the same blending and jostling of the old and the new in that mixture of gluttony and coarseness, mingled with intellect and nobility of character, which are called Gargantua and Pantagruel; in that compound of horrible brutalism and marvellous learning which is called Panurge. In the fabulous achievements of the gigantic heroes are satirized the romance and chivalry of the Middle Ages, in the theses of the scholars the pedantry of the Renaissance. But the atmosphere of the book, that subtle essence which the mind distils unconsciously to itself from all that is presented to it, the impression left after its perusal is yet more indicative of the spirit of the age even than its incidents. The disgusting grossness of the language-it is not merely calling a spade a spade, it is a seeking after the foulest term that can describe it - the utter unconsciousness of female virtue, and the ribald scepticism directed against not only the professors of religion, but all things religious and divine, indicate a licentiousness and an irreverence which we are positively unable to realize even to our imaginations.

> Rabelais and Montaigne, who must ever be two of the giants of French literature, are essentially the representative men of their epoch; the spirit of the latter is that of the former, modified by social position, manner of life, and circumstances. Rabelais' had stormy life, one of daring and danger, which give bitterness and vigour to genius. He had spent many years in a monastery, and so had come face to face with corruption in its worst and coarsest form; he had seen much of the world, and many Beyond the extravagant satire was born half a century later. Thus his

the spirit is the same — sceptical, morally so grand a lineage, she was a portionless and religiously.

Francis persecuted the Protestants, massacred the Vaudois, and yet protected Rabelais and Clement Marot, both scoffers at religion; but this king was himself a type of his age—sceptical, superstitious; coarse, refined; sensual, intellectual; cruel, generous; the hero of a hundred amours, "the father of letters."

A striking contrast to this latitudinarian court was presented in the manners of the provincial noblesse and the peasantry, and in those of the bourgeois and lower Buried in their orders of the towns. gloomy châteaux, far away from the feverish life of cities, the country nobles and gentlemen were in habits and thought much the same as their forefathers who fought at Cressy; to them the Reformation, the Renaissance, were but names, shadows cast by the devil over the dominions of the Church. Bigoted as the crusaders of old, they looked upon all who stood without the pale of Rome as enemies of God, whom it were sinful not to extirpate with fire and sword. In the homes of the citizens the priest still reigned supreme; sober, austere, simple, and almost severe in manners, scrupulous observers of the ordinances of their faith, grossly superstitious, untainted as yet by the licentiousness of foreign manners, bourgeois and artisan worshipped their saints and their relics with a Mahomedan-like fanaticism, and of these none were more priest-ridden, more ferociously bigoted than the inhabitants of Paris.\*

Such was the France over which Francis the First ruled, and such was the France which Catharine de Medicis entered at the close of the year 1533. Catherine, born in 1519, was descended, on her mother's side, from the noble house of Auvergne, and was consequently half French; on her father's side she was of that great and all-powerful race of the Medici, so paramount in Florentine, and indeed all Italian history. Although of

Well it might have been for France had this inhuman proposition been carried out. But another destiny was found for her. The alliance of Francis the First and Pope Clement against Charles the Fifth, gave her, at the age of fourteen years and six months, Henry of Valois for husband. The Venetian ambassador describes her at this time as being thin and plain, but with marvellously fine eyes, a distinguishing beauty of her family. Brantôme's celebrated portrait of her belongs to a later date, when it may be supposed that womanhood had matured her form and features.

She was of a very beautiful and tall figure [he writes] of great majesty, altogether very pleasing when it was necessary, of a fine and graceful appearance, the countenance handsome and agreeable, the neck very beautiful and white and full, as was also her body, and her skin very fine, like, I have heard say, to none of her ladies, and an embonpoint very full. . . . For the rest, the most beautiful hand that was ever seen, I believe. The poets have praised Aurora for her beautiful hands and fingers; but I think the queen surpassed her in all that; and so preserved and maintained them until her death.

During the first ten years of her married life she bore no children, and, fearing a failure in the direct line, it was advised that she should be divorced. But she had so well won the affections of her august father-in-law by her pleasant and insinuating manners, that he would not entertain such a proposition. The following anecdote from Brantôme shows how well she played her part, and dis-

so grand a lineage, she was a portionless and neglected orphan, for the astrologers had pronounced her nativity to be an evil one, that she would be the ruin of the family and of the land where she was married; and the infidel Italians were profound believers in the science of the stars. Her childhood was passed in a convent of Florence, a circumstance which will partly account for the evil formation of her character. When Pope Clement the Seventh besieged that city in 1530, the council proposed to hang her in a basket over the battlements, exposed to the fire of the besiegers.

<sup>•</sup> As an illustration of their primitive manners — the introduction by-Catherine of the Italian comedians, gli Gelosi, were regarded with horror by a people who had hitherto been accustomed only to the sacred mystery and miracle plays.

this early period of her life:

I have heard a lady of the court of that time tell the story of how King Francis, having chosen and formed a troupe which he named his little band of court-ladies, some of the most beautiful and well-born of his favourites, often stole away from court and went away to some of his other houses to hunt the stag and pass his time, and would dwell there thus retired sometimes eight or ten days, sometimes more, sometimes less, as he pleased and the humour took him. Our queen, who was then Madame the Dauphine, seeing such parties made without her, even that Mesdames her sisters-in-law were of them, and she remained at home, she prayed the king always to take her with him and that he would accord her the honour to permit that she should never stir abroad only with him. It is said that she, who was always subtle and skilful, did this as much to watch the actions of the king and to draw his secrets and to hear and know all things, as for the sake of the chase, or more. King Francis received her prayer with so good a grace, perceiving the affection she entertained for his company, that he granted it very joyfully; and besides that he naturally loved her, he loved her much more on account of this.

And so he goes on to tell us how ardent and daring a horsewoman she was, and how, even beyond the age of sixty, riding on horseback was her greatest pleasure.

In 1543 her first child was born, and christened Francis, after his grandfather. This was the first of a somewhat numerous progeny, five of whom were destined to be kings and queens - Francis, Charles, Henry, Margaret, and Elizabeth.\*

The death of the dauphin, which left her husband heir to the throne, enhanced her position at court; but it was still by no means a prominent one, and even upon his accession her influence was inconsiderable, being secondary to that of Diane de Poitiers, his mistress, who, although old enough to be her mother, quite usurped his affection, and was omnipotent over all things. Neglected in girlhood by her family, and regarded by it as a creature of ill omen, childless and in danger of repudiation during the early years of her married life, neglected and unloved by her husband, and not consoling herself, as was the fashion with the ladies of that age, for she was a chaste wife, there had been but little sunshine in Catherine's horizon. What a marvel-

After the disastrous battle at St. Quentin, she suddenly became a more prominent personage. The king being absent from Paris, and in great need of money, she appealed to the parlement, and obtained a grant of three hundred thousand livres, for which, says a contemporary, "She thanked them in such words that all wept with tenderness, and throughout the city men talked of nothing but her Majesty's prudence." And thus she ac-

quired great popularity. Notwithstanding his indifference, she seems to have sincerely mourned her husband's death; \* and Brantôme tells us of the great care she took for his cure when he lay dying, how she watched be-side his sick-bed, taking no rest; how fervently she prayed for his recovery, and how she sent in all directions to seek physicians and surgeons. Broken mirrors, plumes reversed, scattered jewelry, and other emblems of her sorrow, were to be seen carved upon the columns of the Tuileries. Henry possessed all the faults of his father, but few of his virtues, and little of his greatness. Yet he was certainly superior to his successor, the imbecile Francis the Second, the husband of Mary Queen of Scots, who ascended the throne at the age of sixteen. His reign was short - only of one year's duration; but it was enough. From the day the tomb closed over Henry the Second the queen-mother be-came the arbitress of the destinies of France; the new king placed all power in her hands, and desired that she should administer the government in his name. But there were those who disputed this supremacy. The foremost and most dangerous of her rivals was Francis, Duc de Guise, the head of the house of Lorraine. His establishment was almost regal in splendour and extent. He had married a first cousin of the late king, and his niece Mary was now queen-consort. Next in importance was the Bour-

plays the subtlety of her mind even at lous power of self-repression she must have possessed - she so proud, so aspiring, so ambitious — to endure all this unmurmuringly! Little of love, of sympathy, of generous emotions, supposing their pre-existence, could survive such training and experience. All women to whom love is denied turn to devotion or ambition. Nine out of every ten of us are good or evil as circumstances mould

<sup>\*</sup> Margaret married to Henry of Navarre, afterwards Henry the Fourth; Elizabeth to Philip the Second of

<sup>\*</sup> Henry was mortally wounded at a tournament which celebrated the union of Elizabeth, his daughter, with Philip of Spain, a fatal presage at a fatal marriage.

a quarter of a century.

A tumour in the ear put an end to the brief life of the young king, and left the throne vacant to his brother Charles, a boy only eleven years of age, who could not but be entirely under the mother's

guidance. Before entering upon the events of this disastrous reign, it will be necessary to devote a few paragraphs to the rise of Protestantism in France, and its aspects | been so complete.

at this period.

Unphysicked sores had made of the Romish Church a leprosy that rendered her loathsome to all men who looked upon her with the eyes of reason. In Italy, the contemplation of her corruption produced infidelity and the utter subversion of every moral law; in the ruder and more earnest north it promust have come later with the development of the northern mind; for while to the soft, voluptuous southerner the gorgeous ceremonies and latitudinarian

wholly sympathetic, to the Teuton, imbued with the gloomy and relentless fatalism of his primeval mythology, it was essentially antagonistic. Thus the spread of the Reformation in northern Europe of a pre-existing tendency rather than the result of particular events.

doctrines of the Catholic Church were

The universal tendency of nature is change; every foot that presses a blade of grass, every drop of rain that falls of grass, every drop of rain that falls history of the Protectorate, spite of the upon the surface of a rock, every breeze rhapsodies of Macaulay, the partisanthat wafts a perfume from a flower, every ship of Carlyle. ray of sunshine that falls upon the earth, of thought and belief; men of abnormal intellect determine their forms, they are the gardeners of the invisible world of earth, although they cannot command bitter and cruel as that under which they one element of which the tiniest flower is had themselves suffered. It would have composed, they can incline them this been but the exchange of tyrannies -

bon, Louis Prince of Condé, descended | years barbarism had paralyzed the soul from Louis the Ninth. Thirdly, we have of northern and western Europe, and the the Admiral Coligny, of the house of monk's cowl had hidden the light of truth Châtillon, the great and noble leader of from the inner eye of man. In the sixthe Huguenots. Out of the rivalries of teenth century came the great awakening. these powerful factions arose the horrors Of all barbarous or semi-barbarous peowhich desolated France for upwards of ple religion is the all-controlling idea; thus it was a natural sequence that religion should first engage the re-invigorated mind. Luther and Calvin were the mediums through which the vague aspirations of millions found utterance; hence the Reformation, an event which accelerated, but only accelerated, the inevitable emancipation of human intellect. France is still Catholic, and yet in no country on earth has the emancipation

Persecution and martyrdom will invest a very prosaic person and a very prosaic cause with a brilliant halo of romance; for persecution, by a very illogical association of ideas, supposes wickedness on one side, virtue on the other. Thus, in pitying their misfortunes, we are too ready to endow the Huguenots with a nobility of character and a purity duced the Reformation, or rather hast of motive greater than they are entitled ened a change of religious form which to. Had Charles the First succeeded in suppressing the Puritans, we should still, and for ages to come, have looked back upon them as the noblest of martyrs; but as it is, their short reign was sufficient to dispel the illusion, and to prove them to have been ruthless tyrants, sour bigots, impeders of civilization, more intolerant and more inimical to art, science, and literature than Rome itself, desolators of human genius as utter as Genghis should be regarded as the development | Khan or Tamerlane; like the Mahomedans, they would have destroyed every book save one, every vestige of ideal beauty and of human genius. Such is the incontrovertible interpretation of the

The Huguenots were French Puritans is an agent of this eternal work. Nature | - in ideas the races were almost identiis ever destroying the old and creating cal. They fought for toleration merely the new; scability is abhorrent to her, as a locus standi—a first necessity for Thus it is with the soul, which is ever! free action; had they been victorious, progressing, ever developing new modes they would have next fought for intolerance, for supremacy, for the extinction of all creeds save their own, through a persecution, judging from certain episodes in ideas, and, like their prototypes of the the life of their oracle John Calvin, as way or that way, dwarf or develop them. Geneva for Rome. It is useless to ad-For centuries more than a thousand vance against this position the many gentle and enlightened men who adorned the creed, as Rome could produce an equal number. The fanatics of a party are ever its ruling spirits, and are those, inasmuch as they give it form and colour and are its executive, by which we must

judge it.

As early as the time of Francis the First religious persecution had commenced. But the doctrines of the Reformation spread slowly in France, and even in 1558 the Protestants of that kingdom were estimated only at four hundred thousand. Throughout the reign of Henry the Second the persecution continued to increase; throughout that of his successor it was carried on with relentless vigour; under the next two kings the atrocities culminated in the horrors of civil war.

As it has been before stated, the Huguenots were a miserable minority in the midst of a vast Catholic population, and previous to the breaking-out of the religious war in 1562, the horrible massacres of the Protestants were far more frequently the result of the blind fury of the populace, excited by the exhortations of the monks and priests, than the organizations of the government. Of the atrocities committed by the Catholics we have been treated ad nauseam in every book written upon the period; but there is a reverse to the medal, for the retaliations of the other side were not less ferocious or irreverent. They desecrated the churches, broke the roods, cast the consecrated wafers to swine. We can fully comprehend the horror excited in the minds of believers in the real presence by such acts, which appeared to them scarcely less blasphemous than the Crucifixion. There was not an atrocity the Huguenots spared their victims when-ever they obtained the upper hand: they killed children in their mothers' arms, they dragged priests up and down the streets by a rope at their necks, they cut out their tongues, tore out their eyes, sawed them in half, made them drink boiling oil, disembowelled them, buried them in the earth up to the neck, and made their heads serve as targets for the soldiers to fire at; at St. Ouen a priest was roasted and basted alive, and his flesh afterwards cut up and thrown to the dogs. They even vio-lated the graves, digging up the mouldering corpses of the dead. During a rising at Nismes, in 1567, eighty Catholics were butchered in cold blood.\*

\* History is ever repeating itself is a trite but true in human nature.

That these horrors had been initiated by the Catholics, and that the Huguenots had been goaded to them by a ferocious persecution, somewhat lessens the guilt of the latter in a human point of view; but the title of martyr should be equally applied to the victims of both creeds, since all died equally for the faith they professed. But if we judge either side by its peculiar lights and declared doctrines, we must pronounce the Protestant atrocities less justifiable than those of their opponents. Intolerance and persecution are the very essence of the Romish faith. Without the pale of the Church no man, it says, can be saved. Granting the truth of this dogma, is not the destruction of a thousand heretics, whose pernicious doctrines may lose a million souls, not only righteous but commenda-ble? The Protestant, on the other hand, is supposed to hold that salvation is within the reach of men of all creeds.

The Catholics were divided into two parties, the bigots and the moderates; the Guises represented the first, the queen-mother the second; the object of the shifting and temporizing policy of the latter was to preserve an equal balance between the factions, as the preponderance of either would have been fatal to her power. In 1561 she issued a general pardon, liberated all Huguenot prisoners, and commanded a restitution of their forfeited property. Although permission to celebrate the rites of their religion was not accorded them, the penalty of death was fulminated against all who should disturb the public peace under the

pretence of zeal for religion.

This small concession excited the wrath of Rome and Spain, and created riots in the more bigoted parts of the country, especially in Paris. Nevertheless, fearing the growing power of the

adage. During these religious wars there was scarcely a phase of cruelty practised in the French Revolution that was not anticipated. The executions at Nismes forestalled the mode of the September massacres. The victims were shut up in the cellars of the episcopal palace; an hour before midnight they were dragged out of their prison into the courtyard, and as they issued one by one they were stabbed by sword or pike. Their bodies, still palpitating, were cast into a well, near the mouth of which grew an orange-tree, the leaves of which, says tradition, were ever afterwards stained with blood.

The noyades (tying the victims together and drowning them in the rivers), which the Republican butchers might have fancied they invented, were also largely practised by both sides. Apologists for the excesses of the Revolution ascribe such deeds to the "righteous" indignation of an oppressed people. Such a palliative cannot be applied to the present case. Let us rather ascribe it to the wolfish thirst for blood which fanaticism, religious or political, always arouses in human nature.

Guises, which threatened to be still fur-1 be remembered, however, in extenuation, ther aggrandized by a marriage between that assassination was regarded as a very Don Carlos and Mary Stuart, she re- venial crime in those days. This event ceived the Huguenot ministers at court, brought about a peace, the terms of and even went so far as to hint at her which, very stringent upon the Protestown possible conversion. were held in the houses of the nobility, 1563. the clergy were openly ridiculed, and, says Margaret of Navarre, "all the court was infected with heresy." Even at this very time, however, while the queen-mother was protecting them with all her power, these same men drew up a memoir the contending factions, perished of want recommending the removal of all women from the government of the State, and bers. The inhabitants of the towns sufthe establishment of a legitimate regency. As another proof of their temper, it may be stated that they devoted their own brief immunity from persecution to demanding the destruction of infidels, atheists, and Anabaptists - that is to say, of all people who held opinions different to their own.

This temporary toleration brought over many thousands to the new doctrines; but the priests never ceased urging their flocks to root out the heresy with fire and sword, and again massacre and retaliation commenced. At Passy the Duc de Guise, instigated by his wife, committed a horrible butchery, which excited all France to exultation or horror. He followed up this coup de main by possessing himself of the person of the king and his mother.

Fully alive to the imminence of their peril, the Protestant nobility now rose in arms, and placed themselves under the standards of Condé and Coligny; and so commenced the first religious war. Battles and massacres followed in rapid succession. At Dreux the Protestant forces were almost annihilated; the shattered remnant took shelter at Orleans, where it was besieged, and would have been totally destroyed had not the assassin's bullet removed the savage Guise. Huguenot gentleman, who, while under the torture, confessed that he had been bribed by Coligny to do the deed. Although the truth of this statement is more than doubtful, there is reason to believe that the great admiral was not wholly clear; the murderer had certainly mentioned the design in his presence, and had not received, at least, any discouragement; and in writing to the flight of the Huguenot leaders to Roqueen-mother he says; "I esteem it the chelle, and kindled the third war. At greatest blessing that could possibly have the battle of Jarnac fell one of their befallen this kingdom, and more espegreatest generals, the Prince de Condé; cially myself and all my house." It must this defeat was followed by a slight suc-

Preachings ants, were signed on the 19th of March,

The state of the country, after less than a year of civil war, was terrible in the extreme. In the rural districts agriculture was abandoned; the peasantry, burned and driven out of their homes by in the woods, or turned soldiers or robfered almost equally: tradesmen and mechanics quitted their counters and workshops; monks threw aside their cowls and priests their gowns, to swell the ranks of the army. Intercommunication between districts was impossible to individuals, every high-road being infested with brigands. The law was powerless, and every man had to trust to his own arm for defence. Fire and sword ravaged every district; the unburied dead, slain in battle or murdered in persecution, cumbered the earth and choked up the rivers, until, to use the pregnant language of a writer of the time, "even the wild beasts fled in terror.'

And all these deeds were done by Catholic and Huguenot in the name of the gentle Saviour - to glorify his name! It is not surprising that the educated and enlightened drew back from either party, and became infidels. Fanaticism is the wet-nurse to atheism - a greater enemy to God than all the cardinal sins combined.

In 1567, after an attempt upon the part of the Huguenots to seize the person of the king at Meaux, a second war broke out, and in the following year a second peace was patched up, leaving the country more exhausted than before, and bequeathing to it a new scourge in the He was shot by Jean Poltrot de Méré, a shape of foreign auxiliaries — the savage Reiters, mercenary soldiers who had been taken into the pay of both parties, and who now became little better than banditti.

Each trifling concession of the court to the Protestants called forth new papal fulminations to fan the fire of persecution. The signing of the League at Champagne and Toulouse caused the cess at Roche Abeille, and a still more! serious disaster at Moncontour. Mutual exhaustion and the ascendency of the moderate party at court resulted in the peace of St. Germain's, signed in August

Many historians, among whom are Davila and Sully, believe this peace to have been the snare which gathered the victims for St. Bartholomew. But there is very cogent evidence to favour the belief that Charles and Catherine were at the time really sincere in their attempts at conciliation. The pope, writing to Cardinal Lorraine, speaks of the negotiations as infamous. "We cannot refrain from tears," he concludes, "as we think how deplorable the peace is to all good men, how full of danger, and what a source of bitter regret." Philip the Second offered to send Charles a force of nine thousand men to continue the war. Peace was strongly opposed by the Guises. Had it been but a snare, these people would certainly have been in the

At the latter end of 1571, Coligny was induced, after repeated invitations, to once more visit the court. He was received with every demonstration of cordiality by Catherine as well as by the king, who always called him "father." A marriage was now negotiated between the king's sister, Margaret, and Henry of Navarre, to conclude which Jeanne d'Albret and her son quitted Rochelle at the commencement of the year 1572. As these events will be treated in a future paper, I shall pass them over. A month after her arrival in Paris, Jeanne d'Albret died somewhat suddenly; rumour declared her death to have been occasioned by a pair of gloves which had been poisoned by René, the queen-mother's perfumer; but historians say that it was the effect of an abscess, and that at the post-mortem examination her brain was dissected by her own surgeons, both rigid Calvinists, and pronounced by them to be perfectly healthy. On the 18th of the following August the marriage was performed amidst great rejoicings.

In the meantime, the friendship be-tween Charles and Coligny was daily increasing; according to the testimony of Anjou (afterwards Henry the Third), the admiral took advantage of this favour to set the king's mind against his mother and brother, urging him to entirely free himself from their influence; a counsel honest but impolitic, and dangerous to

him who gave it.

No position could be more embarrassing than that of Catherine at this period; hated by the extreme Catholics, and even publicly censured from the pulpits for the toleration she displayed to the Huguenots,\* denounced as a second Jezebel and an enemy to Christ by the bigoted Calvinists, detested by the people as a foreigner and for favouring the Italians who infested the court, she now found herself menaced with the loss of her son's confidence, and consequently, the destruction of that power which was the

sole object of her life.

Out of these conditions arose the plot for the assassination of Coligny; a plot which was undoubtedly organized by the queen-mother, Anjou, and Henry of Guise. While passing through the streets, the admiral was fired at through a window by the Sieur Maurevert, and wounded in the arm. When the news was brought to Charles, he fell into a great fury. "'Sdeath, shall I never have a moment's quiet? Must I have fresh troubles every day!" he cried. Writing to La Mothe Fénélon, he vowed to investigate the "infamous" deed, to compel the observance of his edicts of pacification, and to chastise all who should infringe them. There can be no doubt that his anger and protestations were perfectly sincere, and that he was quite innocent of all complicity in this act. He visited the admiral's sick-bed, and swore to him to take such vengeance for his wound that it should never be forgotten! When the Duc de Guise entered his presence he bade him begone, and would not even look upon him.

The failure of the attempt, the fury of Charles, and the bold menaces of the Huguenot leaders, filled the assassins with consternation. There was everything to dread from the present humour of the king, even to the supreme triumph of the Protestant faction; should he dis-cover the parts played by his mother and brother, whom he hated, their banishment from his councils would inevitably follow; and his bearing and words towards both fully confirmed this impression. On the night of the attempted assassination, a party of Huguenot gentlemen broke in upon him while he was at supper, and with fierce glances at Anjou, who sat by his side, demanded vengeance, saying that, if the king refused them jus-

<sup>\*</sup> They even went so far as to threaten to shut Charles up in a monastery, and put another in his place, if he protected the Protestants.

hands.

Out of these considerations and events was evolved the horrible plot for the massacre of St. Bartholomew's eve. It was a massacre of defence undertaken by Catherine, Guise, and Anjou, to preserve themselves from merited destruction.\* But nothing could be done without the sanction of the king: he must be won

over to the plot.

At the council held on the day following the attempted assassination, the wily Catherine began by representing that the Huguenots were sending into Switzerland for large bodies of mercenaries, and were raising troops throughout the country; that they purposed placing Henry of Navarre upon the throne; that the Catholics had resolved to wage war to extermination against them; and that the only way to avert these evils was to destroy the Protestant leaders. Upon which Charles fell into a great fury, and denounced woe upon any one who dared to harm a hair of Coligny's head. "He is the only true friend I have," he ex-claimed; "all the rest are knaves - all sold to Spain, except my brother of Navarre." But again and again she returned to the attack, with new falsehoods and Machiavellian arguments strenuously supported by every member of the council. The king listened to all in moody silence. Finding argument fail, she resorted to taunts, even reproaching him with want of courage; until, his furious temper stung to madness, he leaped from his seat with fearful oaths and blasphemies, crying, "Kill the admiral, if you will, but kill all the Huguenots with him - all - all ! so that

• It is impossible for the writer to adduce, within the space of a magazine article, all the reasons and authorities which have led him up to the conclusion that the massacre was not the result of a long meditated plan, but of a sudden necessity. It is probable that the idea of such an extermination may have frequently crossed the mind of the Guise and even of Catherine and her sons, but there is not the slightest proof extant that it took a tangible shape. While the Huguenots were only sufficiently powerful to balance the yet more dangerous party of Lorraine, it was not the queen-mother's policy to destroy them, since that would have been to hand herself and the king over to the ambitious duke; it was only when the other faction would have been to hand nerself and the king over to the ambitious duke; it was only when the other faction threatened her with destruction, that she resolved to sweep it away. That Charles had harboured such a design is still more incredible. Coligny never doubted him; and wonderful indeed must have been the powers of dissimulation of this mere boy to entirely hoodwink so sagacious and penetrating an intellect as that of the great admiral. As to the various utterances which the gossip of the time impute to him, such as his observa-tion to his mother of "Do I not play my part well?" their authenticity is doubtful, and even, if spoken, might have referred to other matters of policy to which they were equally applicable.

tice, they would take it into their own not one be left to reproach me hereafter. See to it at once - do you hear!" and rushed out of the chamber.

> Not a moment was to be lost. The Duc de Guise was sent for, and that same night was fixed for the awful deed.

> One hour before matins the tocsin rang forth from the belfry of St. Ger-main l'Auxerrois, and was immediately answered from every tower in Paris, rousing victim and fanatic to the slaughter. Then was a scene of horror enacted which have few parallels in history.

> At the sound of the first shot Charles was struck with remorse, and sent orders to Guise to proceed no further; but the sanguinary bigot was not to be defrauded of his feast of blood, and sent back the reply that it was too late. From his bedroom window, as the summer's dawn gradually broke, the king could look out upon the slaughter. The horrible clang of the bells, the ferocious shouts of the murderers, the shrieks of the dying, the clash of swords, the deafening report of the firearms, together with the overwrought excitement of his brain, aroused all the natural ferocity of his disposition to a delirium, and, seizing an arquebus, he continued to fire upon the fugitives as fast as it could be reloaded, shouting incessantly, "Kill! kill!"

> The massacre went on through three whole days.\* It is difficult to arrive at a true estimate of the numbers of the victims; there are no fewer than nine different estimates, ranging from two thousand to a hundred thousand; from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand may

be near the truth.

From the night of St. Bartholomew until the hour of his death the doom of Prometheus fell upon the wretched Charles - the vultures of remorse unceasingly gnawed his vitals. When the assassins boasted in his presence of the prodigies of cruelty they had performed, they drew from him involuntary groans. To his physician, Ambrose Paré, he said: "I know not what has happened to me these two or three days past, but I feel my mind and body as much at enmity with each other as if I was seized with a fever. Sleeping or waking, the mur-dered Huguenots seem ever present to my eyes with ghastly faces and weltering in their blood. I wish the innocent

<sup>\*</sup> Had it been the result of a long-meditated plan, it would have been simultaneous throughout the country; such was not the case; it was the news of what Paris had done that roused the murderous fanaticism of the provinces to imitation.

letters patent into the provinces, and private letters to England, Germany, and Switzerland, disavowing the deed, and throwing the whole blame upon the Guises. But, eight days afterwards, at the instigation of his mother, who had doubtless represented to him that such a statement could, in a political sense, produce no good to the Huguenots, but an infinite amount of evil among the Catholics, he declared that all was done by his express commands, and that each of the assassinated leaders had been guilty of a capital crime.

A few months afterwards he was attacked by a mortal disease. Suspecting the queen-mother of poisoning him, he again turned towards the Huguenots. Discontent possessed every party in the State, which was wholly governed by

Catherine and her creatures, all Italians, men of mean birth and sordid natures. There was another rising of the Protestants, in the midst of which the king died at Vincennes in the most terrible tortures, bathed in his own blood, which lit-

erally sweated through his skin.\* His character seems to have possessed certain elements which a more wholesome training, or perhaps maturity, might have ripened to greatness. He was a patron of literature and learned men, and a fine musician; but his passion for the chase amounted to a mania. He would pass whole days and nights in the woods. He was naturally fierce and sanguinary. When galloping along the roads he would sometimes kill every animal he met; the sight of their blood seemed to madden him, and, springing from his horse, he would tear out their entrails and dabble in their gore.† He was passionate to frenzy, a great swearer, and had little regard for oaths or pledges. He was not licentious, and was deeply attached both to Marie Touchet, his one mistress, and to his gentle young queen. He is described as having been tall, but with a stoop in the shoulders; as having thin, weak limbs, pale complexion, fierce expression of face, and eyes yellow and

and helpless had been spared." He sent | ghastly. He was a great victim to bile; whence his furious temper. Ah, that terrible bile, what crimes has it to answer for! Charles the Ninth, Marat, and Robespierre, all three wholesale slaughterers, were possessed by the yellow fiend.

To follow Catherine's career through the tortuous intrigues of the following reign would be to recount its whole history, a task which comes not within the scope of the present article. It was but the old policy over again - a constant fight for ascendency over her son's mind; a constant endeavour to balance the one party against the other, Guise against Navarre, for Henry of Béarn had now taken Coligny's place as head of the Huguenots; a constant system of espionage carried on by the beautiful demoiselles of her court, whom Brantôme has immortalized under the term of the queenmother's "flying squadron" - syrens who lured men to treachery, dishonour, and frequently death. It was a miserable policy, which drowned France in blood and never effected any permanent

Her death occurred in 1589, and was hastened, it is said, by the shock of the assassination of the Duc de Guise, executed in the king's palace by the king's orders, for she foresaw the terrible consequences that must fall upon her son from this daring deed - prognostics which, within a few months of her decease, were

terribly realized.

Catherine de Medicis was essentially a type of her age and nation. Iago's phrase, "Virtue, a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus," might well have been the motto of the Italian of the sixteenth century: to be honest, honourable, and ingenuous, was in his creed to be a fool; to be crafty, cunning, and dissimulating, was to be a man worthy of all respect; the most pitiless of assassins and destroyers when his interests were balanced against human life, but wholly destitute of that sanguinary ferocity, that tigerish love of blood, which breaks out in the Frenchman whenever his passions are aroused by political or religious fanaticism. Thus Catherine was by nature tolerant, and averse to cruelty; but ruthless as destiny to all who threatened her ambition. A sceptic to revealed religion, she was profoundly credulous to every superstition; an astrologer attended her wherever she went; she never engaged in any scheme without first consulting the stars; and after

had once commenced.

<sup>\*</sup> It seems highly probable that Charles really did by poison. The terms upon which he lived with It seems highly probable that Charles really did die by poison. The terms upon which he lived with his mother have been already mentioned. The Duc d'Anjou, then king of Poland, was her favourite son. It is generally believed that Alençon, the youngest brother, was poisoned by a nosegay given him by his mistress, under whose direction is uncertain. "The blood ran through all his pores as if every vein had burst," says De Thou. Thus it was with Charles. The coincidence is a curious one. The coincidence is a curious one.

† This will account for his ferocity after the massacre

her death all kinds of amulets and charms were found upon her person. She is accredited with having been profoundly skilled in the science of poisoning, which reached such a terrible perfection among the Italians at the close of the Middle Ages; a pair of gloves, a bouquet, a per-fumed handkerchief, could convey death to an enemy and yet defy detection. Marvellously tenacious of purpose, fertile in resources, and unscrupulous in action, she might have crushed all who opposed her dominion, and rendered her power absolute, had she possessed more of the grandeur of wickedness; but her policy was ever temporizing, ever emasculated by an excess of subtlety; she preferred poison and the dagger to the axe and the sword, preferred to maim rather than crush an enemy; she excited terror, but never awe. Yet when occasion required her courage was unquestionable. She was a dauntless huntress of the stag and the wild boar, and had frequently sustained severe injuries in their pursuit. And Brantôme tells us, speaking of the siege of Rouen, "She failed not to come every day to Fort St. Catherine to hold council and to watch the firing of the batteries. I have often seen her passing along that hollow way of St. Catherine, the cannon and musketshot raining around her, for which she cared nothing.... When Monsieur the Constable and M. de Guise remonstrated with her, saying that misfortune would come of it, she only laughed, and said she would not spare herself more than them, since she had as good a courage as they had, but not the strength their sex had designed them." In manners she was affable and courteous, and had the sweetest of smiles and the most musical of voices; and, rarest praise of all in that licentious age, scandal scarcely tarnished her reputation.

The following is one of the numerous contemporary epigrams written upon her

death:

La royne qui cy gist fut un diable et un ange, Toute pleine de blasme et pleine de louange, Elle soutint l'Estat, et l'Estat mit à bas, Elle fit maints accords, et pas moins de débats, Elle enfanta trois rois et trois guerres civiles, Fit bastir des chasteaux et ruiner des villes. Fit bien de bonnes lois et de mauvais édits; Souhaite lui, passant, enfer et paradis.

From Good Words. FATED TO BE FREE.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

CHAPTER XIX.

(continued.)

EMILY was a graceful young woman. Her face, of a fine oval shape, was devoid of ruddy hues; yet it was more white than pale; the clear dark-grey eyes shin-ing with health, and the mouth being red The hair was dark, abunand beautiful. dant, and devoid of gloss, and she had the advantage of a graceful and cordial manner, and a very charming smile.

The tears were on her eyelashes when she spoke to John, and he knew that his little cherub of a child must have caused them. She presently went back to her place, taking little Anastasia on her knee; while Dorothea, sitting on the sofa close to them, and facing the child, occupied and pleased herself with the little crea-

ture, and encouraged her to talk.
Of English children this was a lovely specimen, and surely there are none lovelier in the world. Dorothea listened to her pretty tongue, and mused over her with a silent rapture. Her hair fell about her face like flakes of floss-silk, loose, and yellow as Indian corn; and her rosy cheeks were deeply dimpled. She was the only one of the Mortimers who was small for her years. She liked being nursed and petted, and while Dorothea smoothed out the fingers of her tiny gloves, the little fat hands, so soft and warm, occupied themselves with the contents of her work-box.

She was relating how Grand had invited them all to spend the day. "Papa brought the message, and they all wanted to go; and so" - she was saying, when John caught the sound of her little voice "and so papa said, 'What! not one of you going to stay with your poor old father?" - these words, evidently authentic, she repeated with the deepest pathos -"and so," she went op, "I said, 'I will." Then, after a pause for reflection, "That was kind of me, wasn't it?"

A few caresses followed.

Then catching sight of Emily's brooch, in which was a portrait of her child, little Nancy put the wide tulle cap-strings aside, and looked at it earnestly.

"I know who that is," she said, after bestowing a kiss on the baby's face.

"Do you, my sweet? who is it, then?" "It's Freddy; he's gone to the happy land. It's full of little boys and girls. Grand's going soon," she added, with that I am very sensible of the kindness great cheerfulness. "Did you know? you have done me in staying so long." Grand says he hopes he shall go soon."
"How did Emily look?" asked Miss

Christie, when John came home.

"Better than usual, I think," said John carelessly. "There's no bitterness in her sorrow, poor thing! She laughed several times at Nancy's childish talk."

"She looks a great deal too young and the other must." attractive to live alone," said Miss Chris-

tie pointedly.

"Well," answered John, "she need not do that long. There are several fellows about here, who, unless they are greater fools than I take them for, will find her, as a well-endowed young widow, quite as attractive as they did when she was an almost portionless girl."

"If you are going to say anything that I shall hate to hear," answered John, half-laughing, "don't keep me lingering long. If you mean to leave me, say so at once, and put me out of my misery.

"Well, well," said Miss Christie, looking at him with some pleasure, and more admiration, "I've been torn in pieces for several weeks past, thinking it over. Never shall I have my own way again in any man's house, or woman's either, as I have had it here. And the use of the carriage and the top of the pew," she continued, speaking to herself as much as to him; "and the keys; and I always knew I was welcome, which is more than being told so. And I thank ye, John Mortimer, for it all, I do indeed; but if my niece's daughter is wanting me, what can I do but go to her?"

"It was very base in Emily not to say a word about it," said John, smiling with as much grimness as utter want of practice, together with the natural cast of his

countenance, would admit of.

Miss Christie looked up, and saw with secret joy the face she admired above all others coloured with a sudden flush of most unfeigned vexation. John gave the footstool before him a little shove of impatience, and it rolled over quite unknown to him, and lighted on Miss Christie's

She scarcely felt the pain. It was sweet to be of so much importance. Two people contending for one lonely, homely old woman.

"Say the word," she presently said,

"and I won't leave ye."

go to Emily. I had better say instead ternal centre; everything depends on

"But ye won't be driven to do any-thing rash?" she answered, observing that he was still a little chafed, and willing to pass the matter off lightly.

"Such as taking to myself the lady upstairs!" exclaimed John. "No, but I must part with her; if one of you goes,

This was absolutely the first time the matter had even been hinted at between them, and yet Miss Christie's whole conduct was arranged with reference to it, and John always fully counted on her protective presence.

"Ay, but if I might give myself the liberty of a very old friend," she anmost portionless girl."

"But in the mean time?" said Miss cause he had given her an inch, "there is something I would like to say to ye."

"What would you like to say?" "Well, I would like to say that if a man is so more than commonly a fine man, that it's just a pleasure to set one's eyes on him, and if he's well endowed with this world's gear, it's a strange thing if there is no excellent, desirable, and altogether sweet young woman ready, and even sighing, for him." "Humph!" said John.

"I don't say there is," proceeded Miss Christie; "far be it from me."

"I hate red hair," answered the at-

tractive widower.

"It's just like a golden oriole. It isn't red at all," replied Miss Christie dogmat-"I call it red," said John Mortimer.

"The painters consider it the finest colour possible," continued the absent

lady's champion.

"Then let them paint her," said John; "but - I shall not marry her; besides, he chose to say, "I know if I asked her she would not have me: therefore, as I don't mean to ask her, I shall not be such an unmannerly dog as to discuss her, further than to say that I do not wish to marry a woman who takes such a deep and sincere interest in herself."

"Why, don't we all do that? I am sure I do."

"You naturally feel that you are the most important and interesting of all God's creatures to yourself. You do not therefore think that you must be so to me. Our little lives, my dear lady, should not turn round upon themselves, and as it were make a centre of their own axis. "No," answered John, "you ought to The better lives revolve round some ex-

that centre, and how much or how many youth of seventeen to spend three weeks we carry round with us besides ourselves. Now, my father's centre is and always has been Almighty God - our Father and his. His soul is as it were drawn to God and lost, as a centre to itself in that great central soul. He looks at everything - I speak it reverently - from God's high point of view."

"Ay, but she's a good woman," said Miss Christie, trying to adopt his religious tone, and as usual not knowing how. "Always going about among the poor. I don't suppose," she continued with enthusiasm — "I don't suppose there's a single thing they can do in their houses that she doesn't interfere with." Then observing his amusement, "Ye don't know what's good for ye," she added, half-laughing, but a little afraid she was going too far.

"If ever I am so driven wild by the governesses that I put my neck, as a heart-broken father, under the yoke, in order to get somebody into the house who can govern as you have done," said John, "it will be entirely your doing, your

fault for leaving me." "Well, well," said Miss Christie, laughing, "I must abide ye're present reproaches, but I feel that I need dread no future ones, for if ye should go and do it, ye'll be too much a gentleman to say any-

thing to me afterwards." "You are quite mistaken," exclaimed John, laughing, "that one consolation I propose to reserve to myself, or if I should not think it right to speak, mark my words, the more cheerful I look the more sure you may be that I am a miserable man."

Some days after this the stately Miss Crampton departed for her Christmas holidays, a letter following her, containing a dismissal (worded with studied politeness) and a cheque for such an amount of money as went far to console

" Mr. Mortimer was about to send the little boys to school, and meant also to make other changes in his household. Mr. Mortimer need hardly add, that his rubbish," continued Barbara, "pre-should Miss Crampton think of taking tending to make love and all that." another situation, he should do himself the pleasure to speak as highly of her qualifications as she could desire."

Aunt Christie gone, Miss Crampton gone also! What a happy state of things for the young Mortimers! If Crayshaw had been with them, there is no saying consoled by the view they took of it. what they might have done; but Johnny, "Cray does know by his father's orders, had brought a said Gladys carelessly.

with him, and the young fellow turned out to be such a dandy, and so much better pleased to be with the girls than with Johnny scouring the country and skating, that John for the first time began to perceive the coming-on of a fresh source of trouble in his house. Gladys and Barbara were nearly fourteen years old, but looked older; they were tall, slender girls, black-haired and grey-eyed, as their mother had been, very simple, full of energy, and in mind and disposition their father's own daughters. Johnny groaned over his unpromising companion, Edward Conyngham by name; but he was the son of an old friend, and John did what he could to make the boys companionable, while the girls, though they laughed at young Conyngham, were on the whole more amused with his compliments than their father liked. But it was not till one day, going up into Parliament, and finding some verses pinned on a curtain, that he began to feel what it was to have no lady to superintend his daughters.

"What are they?" Gladys said. "Why papa, Cray sent them; they are supposed to have been written by Conyngham."

"What does he know about Conyngham?"

"Oh, I told him when I last wrote." "When you last wrote," repeated John in a cogitative tone.

"Yes; I write about once a fortnight, of course, when Barbara writes to John-

"Did Miss Crampton superintend the letters?" was John's next inquiry.

"Oh no, father, we always wrote them up here."

"I wonder whether Janie would have allowed this," thought John. "I suppose as they are so young it cannot signify."

"Cray sent them because we told him how Conyngham walked after Gladys wherever she went. That boy is such a goose, father; you never heard such stuff as he talks when you are away."

John was silent. "Johnny and Cray are disgusted with

"Yes," said John; "it is very ridiculous. Boys like Conyngham and Cray-shaw ought to know better." Nothing, he felt, could be so likely to make the schoolroom distasteful to his daughters as this early admiration. Still he was

"Cray does know better, of course,"

"Still, he was extremely angry with Conyngham, for being so fond of Gladys," remarked Barbara; "because you know she is his friend. He would never hear about his puppy, that old Patience Smith takes care of for sixpence a week, or his rabbits that we have here, or his hawk that lives at Wigfield, unless Gladys John, after this, rode into the town, wrote; Mr. Brandon never writes to and as he stopped his horse to pay the him."

"Now shall I put a stop to this, or shall I let it be?" thought John; and he proceeded to read Crayshaw's effusion.

TO G. M. IN HER BRONZE BOOTS.

As in the novel skippers say, "Shiver my timbers!" and "Belay!" While a few dukes so handy there Respectfully make love or swear;

'As in the poem some great ass Forever pipes to his dear lass; And as in life tea crowns the cup And muffins sop much butter up;

So, naturally, while I walk With you, I feel a swell - and stalk -Consecutively muttering "Oh, I'm quite a man, I feel I grow."

But loudliest thumps this heart to-day While in the mud you pick your way, (You fawn, you flower, you star, you gem,) In your new boots with heels to them. YOUR ELDEST SLAVE.

more consecutive than Conyngham's talk,"

said John laughing.

"Well, father, then he shouldn't say such things! He said Mr. Brandon walked with an infallible stride, and that you were the most consecutive of any one he had ever met with."

"But, my dear little girl, Crayshaw would not have known that unless you had told him; do you think that was the

right thing to do by a guest?"
Gladys blushed. "But, father," said
Barbara, "I suppose Cray may come now; Conyngham goes to-morrow. Cray never feels so well as when he is here."

"I had no intention of inviting him this Christmas," answered John.

"Well," said Gladys, "it doesn't make much difference; he and Johnny can be together just the same nearly all day, because his brother and Mrs. Crayshaw are going to stay with the Brandons, and Cray is to come too."

John felt as if the fates were against

"And his brother was so horribly vexed when he found that he hardly got on at school at all."

"That's enough to vex any man. Cray should spend less time in writing these verses of his."

"Yes, he wrote us word that his brother said so, and was extremely cross and unpleasant, when he replied that this was genius, and must not be repressed."

turnpike, he was observed by the turnpike-keeper's wife to be looking gloomy and abstracted; indeed, the gate was no sooner shut behind him than he sighed, and said with a certain bitterness, "I shouldn't wonder if, in two or three years time, I am driven to put my neck under the yoke after all."
"No, we can't come," said little Hugh,

when a few days after this Emily and Dorothea drove over and invited the children to spend the day, "we couldn't come on any account, because something

very grand is going to happen."

"Did you know," asked Anastasia, "that Johnny had got into the shell?"
"No, my sweet," said Emily, consoling her empty arms for their loss, and ap-

peasing her heart with a kiss.

"And father always said that some day he should come home to early dinner," continued Hugh, "and show the great magic lantern up in Parliament. Then Swan's grandchildren and the coachman's "I don't consider these verses a bit little girls are coming; and every one is to have a present. It will be such fun."

"The shell," Bertram, observed "means a sort of a class between the other classes. Father's so glad Johnny has got into the shell."

"She is glad too," said Anastasia. "You're glad, Mrs. Nemily."

"Yes, I am glad," answered Emily, a tear that had gathered under her dark eyelashes falling, and making her eyes look brighter, and her smile more sweet.

Emily was not of a temperament that is ever depressed. She had her times of sorrow and tears; but she could often smile, and still oftener laugh.

#### CHAPTER XX. THE RIVER.

"Now there was a great calm at that time in the river; wherefore Mr. Standfast, when he was about half way in, he stood awhile, and talked to his companions that had waited upon him thither; and he said, ... 'I have formerly lived by hearsay and faith; but now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be with Him in whose company I delight myself. I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of; and wherever I have seen the print of his shoe in the earth, there have I coveted to set my foot too." - Pilgrim's Progress.

AND now the Christmas holidays being more than half over, Mr. Augustus Mor-

timer desired that his grandson might come and spend a few days with him, for Valentine had told him how enchanted John was with the boy's progress, but that he was mortified almost past bearing by his lisp. Grand therefore resolved that something should be done; and have a good look at them." Crayshaw having now arrived, and spending the greater part of every day with his allies the young Mortimers, was easily included in the invitation. If anybody wants a schoolboy, he is generally most welcome to him. Grand sent a flattering message to the effect that he should be much disappointed if Cray did not appear that day at his dinner-table. Cray ac-cordingly did appear, and after dinner the old man began to put before his grandson the advantage it would be to him if he Harrow?" could cure himself of his lisp.

"I never lithp, Grand," answered the boy, "when I talk thlowly, and — No, No.

"Then why don't you always talk slowly and take pains, to please your father, to please me, and to improve yourself?" Johnny groaned.

"This is very little more than an idle childish habit," continued Grand.

"We used to think it would do him good to have his tongue slit," said Crayshaw, "but there's no need. When I torment him and chaff him, he never

"I hope there is no need," said Grand, a little uncertain whether this remedy was proposed in joke or earnest. "Valwas proposed in joke or earnest. "Val-entine has been reminding me that he better time. Alles le, or, in other wordth, used to lisp horribly when a child, but he go it." entirely cured himself before he was your

age."

Johnny, in schoolboy fashion, made a face at Valentine when the old man was not looking. It expressed good-humoured defiance and derision, but the only effect it produced was on himself, for it disturbed for the moment the great likeness to his grandfather that grew on him every day. John had clear features, thick light hair, and deep blue eyes. His son was dark with bushy eyebrows, large stables." stern features, and a high narrow head, like old Grand.

It was quite dark, and the depth of winter, but the thermometer was many degrees above freezing-point, and a warm south wind was blowing. Grand rose and rang the bell. "Are the stable lan-

VOL. XI.

terns lighted?" he asked.

LIVING AGE.

"Yes, sir." "Then you two boys come with me."

The boys, wondering and nothing loth, followed to the stable, and the brown eyes of two large ponies looked mildly into theirs.

"Trot them out," said Grand to the groom, "and let the young gentlemen

Not a word did either of the boys say. An event of huge importance appeared to loom in the horizon of each: he cogitated over its probable conditions.

"I got a saddle for each of them," said Grand. "Valentine chose them, Johnny. There now, we had better come in again. And when they were seated in the dining-room as before and there was still silence, he went on, "You two, as I understand, are both in the same house at

"Yes, sir."

"And it is agreed that Johnny could cure himself of his lisp if he chose, and I mean when I talk s-lowly and take if you would continually remind him of pains."

"Oh yes, certainly it is."

"Very well, if the thing is managed by next Easter, I'll give each of you one of those ponies; and," continued Grand cunningly, "you may have the use of them during the remainder of these holidays, provided you both promise, upon your honour, to begin the cure directly. If Johnny has not left off lisping at

Easter, I shall have the ponies sold."
"I'll lead him such a life that he shall wish he'd never been born; I will in-deed," exclaimed Crayshaw fervently.

" And every two or three days you shall bring him to me," continued Grand, "that I may hear him read and speak."

The next morning, before John went into the town, he was greeted by the two boys on their ponies, and came out to admire and hear the conditions.

"We mayn't have them at school," said Johnny, bringing out the last words with laudable distinctness, "but Grand will let them live in hith - in his-

John was very well contented to let the experiment alone; and a few days after this, his younger children, going over with a message to Johnny, reported progress to him in the evening as he sat at dinner.

"Johnny and Cray were gone into the town on their grand new ponies, almost as big as horses; they came galloping home while we were there," said Janie,

" And, father, they are going to show up their exercises, or something that they've done, to Grand to-morrow; you'll

hear them," observed Hugh.

"But poor Cray was so ill on Saturday," said the little girl, "that he couldn't do nothing but lie in bed and write his

"But they got on very well," observed order his chi Bertram philosophically. "They had up their health. the stable-boy with a great squirt; he had to keep staring at Cray while Johnny read aloud, and every time Cray winked he was to squirt Johnny. Cray didn't have any dinner or any tea, and his face was so red."

" Poor fellow!"

"Yes," said the youngest boy, and he wrote some verses about Johnny, and said they were for him to read aloud to grandfather. But what do you think? sound very kind, does it?"

Johnny's resolution, however, was not particularly remarkable; the verses, compounded during an attack of asthma,

running as follows: -

AUGUSTUS JOHN CONFESSES TO LOSS OF AP-

I cannot eat rice-pudding now, Jam-roll, boiled beef, and such; From Stilton cheese this heart I vow Turns coldly as from Dutch.

For crab, a shell-fish erst loved well, I do not care at all Though I myself am in the shell And fellow-feelings call.

I mourn not over tasks unsaid -This child is not a flat -My purse is empty as my head, But no -- it isn't that;

I cannot eat. And why? To shrink From truth'is like a sinner, I'll speak or burst; it is, I think, That I've just had my dinner.

Crayshaw was very zealous in the discharge of his promise; the ponies took a great deal of exercise; and old Grand, before the boys were dismissed to school, saw very decided and satisfactory progress on the part of his grandson, while the penies were committed to his charge with a fervour that was almost pathetic. It was hard to part from them; but men are tyrannical; they will not permit boys to have horses at a public school; the boys therefore returned to their work, and the ponies were relieved from theirs, dear brother and I decided forever to hold and entered on a course of life which is our peace," he next murmured, after a commonly called eating their heads of commonly called eating their heads off.

John in the mean while tried in vain to supply the loss of the stately and erudite Miss Crampton. He wanted two ladies, and wished that neither should be young. One must be able to teach his children and keep them in order; the other must superintend the expenditure and see to the comforts of his whole household, order his children's dress, and look after

Either he was not fortunate in his applicants, or he was difficult to please, for he had not suited himself with either lady when a new source of occupation and anxiety sprung up, and everything else was set aside on account of it; for all on a sudden it was perceived one afternoon that Mr. Augustus Mortimer was

not at all well.

It was after bank-hours, but he was dozing in his private sitting-room at the Johnny said he wouldn't! That doesn't bank, and his young nephew, Mr. Morti-

mer, was watching him.

Valentine had caused his card to be printed "Mr. Mortimer:" he did not intend because he was landless, and but for his uncle's bounty almost penniless, to forego the little portion of dignity which belonged to him.

The carriage stood at the door, and the horses now and then stamped in the lightly-falling snow, and were sometimes driven a little way down the street and

back again to warm them.

At his usual time John had gone home, and then his father, while waiting for the

carriage, had dropped asleep.

Though Valentine had wakened him more than once, and told him the men and horses were waiting, he had not shown any willingness to move.

"There's plenty of time; I must have

this sleep out first," he said.

Then when for the third time Valentine woke him, he roused himself. "I think I can say it now," he observed. "I could not go home, you know, Val, till it was said.

"Till what was said, uncle?"
"I forget," was the answer.
must help me." "You

Valentine suggested various things which had been discussed that day; but they did not help him, and he sank into

thought.

"I hope I was not going to make any mistake," he shortly said, and Valentine began to suppose he really had some-thing particular to say. "I think my long pause.

his father made him remember how completely all the more active and eventful part of their lives had gone by for these two old men before he came into the

"What were you and John talking of just before he left?" said the old man,

after a puzzled pause.

"Nothing of the least consequence," answered Valentine, feeling that he had forgotten what he might have meant to say. "John would be uneasy if he knew you were here still. Shall we go home?"

"Not yet. If I mentioned this, you would never tell it to my John. There is no need that my John should ever have a hint of it. You will promise not to tell

him?"

"No, my dear uncle, indeed I could not think of such a thing," said Valen-tine, now a little uneasy. If his uncle really had something important to say, this was a strange request, and if he had not, his thoughts must be wandering.

"Well," said Grand, in a dull, quiet voice, as of one satisfied and persuaded, "perhaps it is no duty of mine, then, to mention it. But what was it that you and John were talking of just before he went

away?"

"You and John were going to send your cards, to inquire after Mrs. A'Court, because she is ill. I asked if mine might go too, and as it was handed across you took notice of what was on it, and said it pleased you; do you remember? But supposed himself to be recovering. John laughed about it."

"Yes; and what did you answer,

" I said that if everybody had his rights, that ought not to have been my name at all. You ought to have been Mr. Mortimer now, and I Mr. Melcombe.'

"I thought it was that," answered Grand, cogitating. "Yes, it was never intended that you should touch a shilling

of that property."

"I know that, uncle," said Valentine. "My father always told me he had no expectations from his mother. It was unlucky for me, that's all. I don't mean to say," he continued, "that it has been any particular disappointment, because I was always brought up to suppose I should have nothing; but as I grow older I often think it seems rather a shame I should be cut out; and as my father was, I am sure, one of the most amiable of men, it is very odd that he never contrived to make it up with the old lady."

"He never had any quarrel with her,"

Valentine was silent. The allusion to answered old Augustus. "He was always her favourite son."

Valentine looked at him with surprise. He appeared to be oppressed with the lassitude of sleep, and yet to be struggling to keep his eyes open and to say something. But he only managed to repeat his last words. "I've told John all that I wish him to know," he next said,

and then succumbed and was asleep again.

"The favourite son, and natural heir!" thought Valentine. "No quarrel, and yet not inherit a shilling! That is queer, to say the least of it. I'll go up to London and have another look at that will. And he has told John something or other. Unless his thoughts are all abroad then, he must have been alluding to two perfectly different things."

Valentine now went to the carriage and fetched in the footman, hoping that at sight of him his uncle might be persuaded to come home; but this was done with so much difficulty that, when at last it was accomplished, Valentine sent the carriage on to fetch John, and sat anxiously watching till he came, and a med-

ical man with him.

Sleep and weakness, but no pain, and no disquietude. It was so at the end of a week; it was so at the end of a fortnight, and then it became evident that his sight was failing; he was not always aware whether or not he was alone; he often prayed aloud also, but sometimes

"Where is Valentine?" he said one afternoon, when, John having left him to get some rest, Valentine had taken his place. "Are we alone?" he asked, when Valentine had spoken to him. "What

time is it?"

"About four o'clock, uncle; getting

dusk, and snow falls."

"Yes, I heard you mention snow when the nurse went down to her tea. I am often aware of John's presence when I cannot show it. Tell him so."

"Yes, I will."

"He is a dear, good son to me."

"Yes."

"He ought not to make a sorrow of my removal. It disturbs me sometimes to perceive that he does. He knows where my will is, and all my papers. I have never concealed anything from him; I had never any cause.

" No, indeed, uncle."

"Till now," proceeded old Augustus. Valentine looked attentively in the failing light at the majestic wreck of the tall, eyes were closed, and that the face had its usual immobile, untroubled expression, and the last words startled him. have thought it best," he continued, "not to leave you anything in my will."

"No," said Valentine, "because you gave me that two thousand pounds during

your lifetime."

"Yes, my dear; my memory does not fail me. John will not be cursed with one guinea of ill-gotten wealth. Valen-. tine!"

"Yes, uncle, yes; I am here; I am

not going away."
"You have the key of my cabinet, in the library. Go and fetch me a parcel that is in the drawer inside."

"Let me ring, then, first for some one to come; for you must not be left alone." "Leave me, I say, and do as I tell

you."

Valentine, vexed, but not able to decline, ran down in breathless haste, found the packet of that peculiar sort and size usually called a banker's parcel, locked the cabinet, and returned to the old man's bed.

"Are we alone?" he asked, when Valentine had made his presence known to "Let me feel that parcel. Ah, your father was very dear to me. I owe he said kindly and quietly, "for as you everything to him - everything."

Valentine, who was not easy as to what would come next, replied like an honourable man, "So you said, uncle, when you generously gave me that two thousand pounds."

"Ill-gotten wealth," old Augustus murmured, "never prospers; it is a curse to its possessor. My son, my John, will have none of it. Valentine!"

" Yes."

"What do you think was the worstearned money that human fingers ever handled?"

The question so put suggested but one

"That thirty pieces of silver," said Valentine.

"Ah!" replied Augustus with a sigh. "Well, thank God, none of us can match that crime. But murders have been done, and murderers have profited by the spoil! When those pieces of silver were lying on the floor of the temple, after the murderer was dead, to whom do you think they belonged?"

Valentine was excessively startled; the voice seemed higher and thinner than usual, but the conversation had begun so

fine old man. He made out that the such firm hold still of the parcel, that it surprised him to feel, as he now did, that his dear old uncle was wandering, and he answered nothing.

"Not to the priests," continued Augustus, and as a pause followed, Valentine

felt impelled to reply.
"No," he said, "they belonged to his family, no doubt, if they had chosen to pick them up."

"Ab, that is what I suppose. If his father, poor wretch, or perhaps his miserable mother, had gone into the temple that day, it would have been a strange sight, surely, to see ace gather them up."

"Yes," said Va en ine faintly. shadow of something to remote to make its substance visible appeared to fall over him then, causing him a vague wonder and awe, and revulsion of feeling. He knew not whether this old man was taking leave of sober daylight reason, or whether some fresh sense of the worthlessness of earthly wealth, more especially ill-gotten wealth, had come to him from a sudden remembrance of this silver, or ——
He tried gently to lead his thoughts

away from what seemed to be troubling him, for his head turned restlessly on the

pillow.

"You have no need to think of that," have just been saying, John will inherit nothing but well-earned property."

"John does not know of this," said Augustus. "I have drawn it out for years by degrees, as he supposed, for household expenses. It is all in Bank of England notes. Every month that I lived it would have become more and more."

Uncommonly circumstantial this! "It contains seventeen pounds; take it in your hand, and hear

me." "Yes, uncle."

"You cannot live on a very small income. You have evidently very little notion of the value of money. You and John may not agree. It may not suit him to have you with him; on the other hand on the other hand - what was I saying?"
"That it might not suit John to have

me with him."

"Yes, yes; but, on the other hand (where is it gone), on the other hand, it might excite his curiosity, his surprise, if I left you more in my will. Now what am I doing this for? What is it? Daniel's son? Yes."

"Dear uncle, try to collect your sensibly, and the wrinkled hand kept thoughts; there is something you want what it is."

"Have you got it in your hand?"

"Yes, I have."

"Keep it then, and use it for your own purposes."

"Thank you. Are you sure that is what you meant? Is that all?"

"Is that all? No. I said you were not to tell John."

"Will you tell him yourself then?" asked Valentine. "I do not think he would mind my having it."

By way of answer to this, the old man to him. actually laughed. Valentine had thought he was long past that, but it was a joyful John; the invitations and orders conlaugh, and almost exultant.

"Mind," he said, "my John! No; you attend to my desire, and to all I have said. Also it is agreed between me and my son that if ever you two part company, he is to give you a thousand pounds. I tell you this that you may not suppose it has anything to do with the money in that parcel. Your father was everything to me," he continued, his voice getting fainter, and his speech more confused, as he went on, "and - and I never expected to see him again in this world. And so you have come over to see me, Daniel? Give me your hand. Come over to see me, and there are no lights! God has

ence soon." Valentine started up, and it was really more in order to carry out the old man's desires, so solemnly expressed, than from any joy of possession, that he put the parcel into his pocket before he rang for the nurse and went to fetch John.

been very good to me, brother, and I be-

gin to think He will call me into his pres-

He had borne a part in the last sus-tained conversation the old man ever held, and that day month, in just such a snow-storm as had fallen about his muchloved brother, his stately white head was laid in the grave.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

#### THE DEAD FATHER ENTREATS.

Prospero. I have done nothing but in care of thee, Of thee, my dear one." The Tempest.

VALENTINE rose early the morning after the funeral; John Mortimer had left him alone in the house, and gone home to his children.

John had regarded the impending death of his father more as a loss and a misfor-tune than is common. He and the old curiosity? Why, indeed, when he had

me to do with this money, try to tell me | had been very intimate friends, and the rending of the tie between them was very keenly felt by the son.

Nothing, perhaps, differs more than the amount of affection felt by different people; there is no gauge for it - language cannot convey it. Yet instinctive perception shows us where it is great. feel little, and show all that little becom-ingly; others feel much and reveal scarcely anything; but, on the whole, men are not deceived, each gets the degree of help and sympathy that was due

Valentine had been very thoughtful for nected with a large funeral had been mainly arranged by him.

Afterwards, he had been present at the reading of the will, and had been made to feel that the seventeen hundred pounds in that parcel which he had not yet opened could signify nothing to a son who was to enter on such a rich inheritance as it set forth and specified.

Still he wished his uncle had not kept the giving of it a secret, and, while he was dressing, the details of that last conversation, the falling snow, the failing light, and the high thin voice, changed, and yet so much more impressive for the change, recurred to his thoughts more freshly than ever, perhaps because be-fore he went down he meant to open the parcel, which accordingly he did.

Bank of England notes were in it, and not a line of writing on the white paper that enfolded them. He turned it over, and then mechanically began to count and add up the amount. Seventeen hundred pounds neither more nor less, and most assuredly his own. With the two thousand pounds he already possessed, this sum would, independently of any exertions of his own, bring him in nearly two hundred a-year. In case of failing health this would be enough to live on modestly, either in England or on the Continent.

He leaned his chin on his hand, and, with a dull contentment looked at these thin, crisp papers. He had cared for his old uncle very much, and been exceed-ingly comfortable with him, and now that he was forbidden to mention his last gift, he began to feel (though this had fretted him at first) that it would make him more independent of John.

But why should the old father have man, besides being constant companions, laughed at the notion of John's being

capable of minding his doing as he by no means have anticipated. So if St. pleased. Valentine pondered over this George wants to consult you about some as he locked up his property. It was not new plan for you (which I hardly think yet eight o'clock, and as he put out the can be the case), you had better hear candle he had lighted to count his notes what I have to say before you turn yourby (for the March morning was dark), he self out." heard wheels, and, on going down, met John in the hall. He had come in before the breakfast-hour, as had often been his custom when he meant to breakfast with

John's countenance showed a certain agitation. Valentine observing it, gave him a quiet, matter-of-fact greeting, and talked of the weather. A thaw had come on, and the snow was melting rapidly. For the moment John seemed unable to answer, but when they got into the din-

ing-room, he said -

"I overtook St. George's groom. He had been to my house, he said, thinking you were there. Your brother sent a message, rather an urgent one, and this note to you. He wants you, it seems."

"Wants me, wants ME!" exclaimed

Valentine. What for?"

John shrugged his shoulders.
"Is he ill?" continued Valentine. "The man did not say so."

Valentine read the note. It merely repeated that his brother wanted him. What an extraordinary piece of thoughtlessness this seemed! Brandon might have perceived that Valentine would be much needed by John that day.

"You told me yesterday," said Valentine, "that there were various things you should like me to do for you in the house to-day, and over at the town too. So I shall send him word that I cannot go."

"I think you had better go," said

Valentine was sure that John would have been glad of his company. It would be easier for a man with his peculiarly keen feelings not to have to face all his clerks alone the first time after his fa-

ther's death.

"You must go," he repeated, however. "St. George would never have thought of sending for you unless for some urgent reason. If you take my dog-cart you will be in time for the breakfast there, which is at nine. The horse is not taken

Valentine still hesitating, John added -"But I may as well say now that my father's removal need make no difference in our being together. As far as I am concerned, I am very well pleased with aptitude for business affairs that I could the house, his library and workshop.

Valentine thanked him cordially. Emily had pointedly said to him, during his uncle's last illness, that in the event of any change, she should be pleased if he would come and live with her. He had made no answer, because he had not thought John would wish the connection between them to continue. But now everything was easy. His dear old uncle had left him a riding-horse, and some books. He had only to move these to Emily's house, and so without trouble enter another home.

It was not yet nine o'clock when Valentine entered the dining-room in his

brother's house.

The gloom was over, the sun had burst forth, lumps of snow, shining in the dazzle of early sunlight, were falling with a dull thud from the trees, while every smaller particle dislodged by a waft of air, dropped with a flash as of a diamond.

First Mrs. Henfrey came in and looked surprised to see Valentine; wondered he had left John; had never seen a man so overcome at his father's funeral. Then Giles came in with some purple and some orange crocuses, which he laid upon his wife's plate. He said nothing about his note, but went and fetched Dorothea, who was also evidently surprised to see Valentine.

How lovely and interesting she looked in his eyes that morning, so serene herself, and an object of such watchful solicitude both to her husband and his old

step-sister!

"Any man may feel interested in her now," thought Valentine, excusing himself to himself for the glow of admiring tenderness that filled his heart. "Sweet thing! Oh! what a fool I have been!"

There was little conversation; the ladies were in mourning, and merely asked a few questions as to the arrangements

of the late relative's affairs.

Brandon sat at the head of the table, and his wife at his right hand. was something very cordial in his manner, but such an evident turning-away from any mention of having sent for him, that Valentine, perceiving the matter to be private, followed his lead, and when breakfast was over went with him our present arrangement. I find in you an up-stairs to his long room, at the top of

"Now, then," he exclaimed, when at last the door was shut and they were alone, "I suppose I may speak? What alone, "I suppose I may speak?" can it be, old fellow, that induced you to send for me at a time so peculiarly inconvenient to John?"

"It was partly something that I read in a newspaper," answered Giles, "and also - also a letter. A letter that was

left in my care by your father."

"Oh! then you were to give it to me after my uncle's death, were you?"

For all answer Giles said, "There it is," and Valentine, following his eyes, saw a sealed parcel, not unlike in shape and size to the one he had already opened that morning. It was lying on a small, opened desk. "Take your time, my dear fellow," said Giles, "and read it carefully. I shall come up again soon, and tell you how it came into my possession.

Thereupon he left the room, and Valentine, very much surprised, advanced

to the table.

The packet was not directed to any person, but outside it was written in Brandon's clear hand, "Read by me on the 3rd of July, 18—, and sealed up the following morning. G. B."

Valentine sat down before it, broke his brother's seal, and took out a large letter, the seal of which (his father's) had already been broken. It was addressed, in his father's handwriting, "Giles Bran-don, Esq., Wigfield House."

We are never so well inclined to believe in a stroke of good fortune as when one has just been dealt to us. Valentine was almost sure he was going to read of something that would prove to be to his advantage. His uncle had behaved so strangely in providing him with his last bounty, that it was difficult for him not to connect this letter with that gift. Something might have been made over to his father on his behalf, and, with this thought in his mind, he unfolded the sheet of foolscap and read as follows : -

"MY MUCH-LOVED SON, - You will see by the date of this letter that my dearest boy Valentine is between seventeen and eighteen years of age when I write it. I perceive a possible peril for him, and my brother being old, there is no one to whom I can so naturally appeal on his behalf as to you.

" I have had great anxiety about you lately, but now you are happily restored

your discretion.

"Some men, my dear Giles, are happy enough to have nothing to hide. I am not of that number; but I bless God that I can say, if I conceal aught, it is not a work of my own doing, nor is it kept a secret for my own sake.

"It is now seven weeks since I laid in the grave the body of my aged mother. She left her great-grandson, Peter Melcombe, the only son of my nephew Peter Melcombe, whose father was my fourth

brother, her sole heir.

" I do not think it wise to conceal from you that I, being her eldest surviving son, desired of her, that she would not -I mean, that I forbade my mother to

leave her property to me.

"It is not for me to judge her. I have never done so; for in her case I know not what I could have done, but I write this in the full confidence that both of you will respect my wishes; and that you, Giles, will never divulge my secret, even to Valentine, unless what I fear should come to pass, and render this necessary.

"If Peter Melcombe, now a child, should live to marry, and an heir should be born to him, then throw this letter into the fire, and let it be to you as if it had never been written. If he even lives to come of age, at which time he can make a will and leave his property where

he pleases, you may destroy it.

"I do not feel afraid that the child will die, it is scarcely to be supposed that he will. I pray God that it may not be so; but in case he should - in case this child should be taken away during his minority, I being already gone—then my grandfather's will is so worded that my son Valentine, my only son, will be his

heir. "Let Valentine know in such a case that I, his dead father, who delighted in him, would rather have seen him die in his cradle, than live by that land and inherit that gold. I have been poor, but I have never turned to anything at Melcombe with one thought that it could mend my case; and as I have renounced it for myself, I would fain renounce it for my heirs forever. Nothing is so unlikely as that this property should ever fall to my son, but if it should, I trust to his love and duty to let it be, and I trust to you, Giles, to make this easy for him, either to get him away while he is yet young, to lead a fresh and manly life in to me from the sea, and I know that I some one of our colonies, or to find some may fully trust both to your love and career at home for him which shall provide him with a competence, that if such a temptation should come in his father expressly declares that he had way, he may not find it too hard to stand nothing to do with it."

"And may the blessing of God light Valentine vehemently, and paused.
on you for this (for I know you will do "How can that be?" answered Giles. upon you for this (for I know you will do it), more than for all the other acts of dutiful affection you have ever shown

"When I desire you to keep this a secret (as I hope always), I make no exception in favour of any person whatever.

"This letter is written with much thought and full deliberation, and signed by him who ever feels as a loving father DANIEL MORTIMER." towards you.

Valentine had opened the letter with a preconceived notion as to its contents, and this, together with excessive surprise, made him fail for the moment to perceive one main point that it might away from home." have told him.

When Brandon just as he finished reading came back, he found Valentine seated before the letter, amazed and pale.

"What does it mean?" he exclaimed, when the two had looked searchingly at one another. "What on earth can it mean."

"I have no idea," said Giles.

"But you have had it for years," continued Valentine, very much agitated. "Surely you have tried to find out what it means. Have you made no inquiries?"
"Yes. I have been to Melcombe. I

could discover nothing at all. No," in answer to another look, "neither then

or at any other time."

"But you are older than I am, so much older, had you never any suspicion of anything at all? Did nothing ever occur before I was old enough to notice things, which roused in you any suspicions?" "Suspicions of what?"

"Of disgrace, I suppose. Of crime perhaps I mean; but I don't know what I mean. Do you think John knows of

this?"

"No. I am sure he does not. But don't agitate yourself," he went on, observing that Valentine's hand trembled. "Remember, that whatever this secret was that your father kept buried in his breast, it has never been found out, that is evident, and therefore it is most unlikely now that it ever should be. my opinion, and it is the only one I have fully formed about the matter, this crime or this disgrace - I quote your own words - must have taken place between sixty and seventy years ago, and your Brandon, hesitating.

"But if the old woman had," began

"He says, 'I know not in her case what I could have done,' and that he has never judged her."

Valentine heaved up a mighty sigh, excitement made his pulses beat, and his

hands tremble.

"What made you think," he said, "that it was so long ago? I am so surprised that I cannot think coherently."

"To tell you why I think so, is to tell you something more that I believe you don't know."

"Well," said the poor fellow, sighing

restlessly, "out with it, Giles." "Your father began life by running

"Oh, I know that."

"You do?"

"Yes, my dear father told it to me some weeks before he died, but I did not like it, I wished to dismiss it from my thoughts."

"Indeed! but will you try to remember now, how he told it to you, and what

"It was very simple. Though now I come to think of it, with this new light thrown upon it - Yes; he did put it very oddly, very strangely, so that I did not like the affair, or to think of it. said that as there was now some intercourse between us and Melcombe, a place that he had not gone near for so very many years, it was almost certain, that, sooner or later, I should hear something concerning himself that would surprise me. It was singular that I had not heard it already. I did not like to hear him talk in his usual pious way of such an occurrence; for though of course we know that all things are overruled for good to those who love God --- "

"Well?" said Brandon, when he

paused to ponder.

"Well," repeated Valentine, "for all that, and though he referred to that very text, I did not like to hear him say that he blessed God he had been led to do it; and that, if ever I heard of it, I was to remember that he thought of it with gratitude." Saying this, he turned over the pages again. "But there is nothing of that here," he said, "how did you discover it?"

"I was told of it at Melcombe," said

"By whom?"

"It seemed to be familiarly known little it tells me!" there." He glanced at the Times which was laid on the table just beyond the desk at which Valentine sat. "It was little Peter Melcombe," he said gravely, "who mentioned it to me."

"What! the poor little heir!" ex-! claimed Valentine, rather contemptuously. deal! But Giles - but Giles - you have !

shown me the letter!"

He started up. "Yes, there IT is," said Giles, glancing again at the *Times*, for he perceived instantly that Valentine for the first time was to be told of this matter.

There it was indeed! The crisis of his

before him.

"At Corfu, on the 28th of February, to the inexpressible grief of his mother, Peter, only child of the late Peter Melcombe, Esq., and great-grandson and heir of the late Mrs. Melcombe, of Melcombe. In the twelfth year of his age."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Valentine, in an awe-struck whisper. "Then it has

come to this, after all?"

He sat silent so long, that his brother had full time once more to consider this subject in all its bearings, to perceive that Valentine was trying to discover some reasonable cause for what his father had done, and then to see his countenance gradually clear and his now flashing eyes lose their troubled expression.

"I know you have respected my poor father's confidence," he said at last.

"Yes, I have."

"And you never heard anything from him by word of mouth that seemed afterwards to connect itself with this affair?"

"Yes, I did," Brandon answered, "he said to me just before my last voyage, that he had written an important letter, told me where it was, and desired me to observe that his faculties were quite unimpaired long after the writing of it."

"I do not think they could have been," Valentine put in, and he continued his "You think that you have questions. never, never heard him say anything, at any time, which at all puzzled or startled you, and which you remembered after

"No, I never did. He never surprised me, or excited any suspicion at any time about anything, till I had broken the seal

of that letter."

the pages, "how little there is in it, how

"Hardly anything, but there is a great deal, there is everything in his having

been impelled to write it.

"Well, poor man" (Giles was rather struck by this epithet), "if secrecy was his object, he has made that at least impossible. I must soon know all, whatever "I would not be in his shoes for a good lit is. And more than that, if I act as he wishes, in fact, as he commands, all the world will set itself to investigate the reason."

"Yes, I am afraid so," Brandon answered, "I have often thought of that."

Valentine went on. "I always knew, had remembered on what contingency he felt rather, that he must have had a tremendous quarrel with his elder brother. He never would mention him if he could fate in a few sorrowful words had come help it, and showed an ill-disguised unforgiving sort of - almost dread, I was going to say, of him, as if he had been fearfully bullied by him in his boyhood and could not forget it; but," he continued, still pondering, "it surely is carrying both anger and superstition a little too far, to think that when he is in his grave it will do his son any harm to inherit the land of the brother he quarrelled with."

"Yes," said Giles, "when one considers how most of the land of this country was first acquired, how many crimes lie heavy on its various conquerors, and how many more have been perpetrated in its transmission from one possessor to another;" then he paused, and Valentime

took up his words.

"It seems incredible that he should have thought an old quarrel (however bitter) between two boys ought, more than half a century afterwards, to deprive the son of one of them from taking his

lawful inheritance." "Yes," Brandon said. "He was no fool; he could not have thought so, and therefore it could not have been that, or anything like it. Nor could be have felt that he was in any sense answerable for the poor man's death, for I have ascertained that there had been no communication between the two branches of the family for several years before he laid violent hands on himself."

Valentine sighed restlessly. whole thing is perfectly unreasonable," he said; "in fact, it would be impossible to do as he desires, even if I were ever

so willing."

"Impossible?" exclaimed Brandon, "Yes, the estate is already mine; how is it possible for me not to take it? I " And after all," Valentine said, turning must prove the will, the old will, the law duty to pay. Even if I chose to fling the income into the pond, I must save out enough to satisfy the tax-gatherers. You seem to take for granted that I will and can calmly and secretly let the estate be. But have you thought out the details at all? Have you formed any theory as to how this is to be done?"

He spoke with some impatience and irritation, it vexed him to perceive that his brother had fully counted on the dead father's letter being obeyed. Brandon

had nothing to say.

"Besides," continued Valentine, " where is this sort of thing to stop? I die to-morrow, John is my heir. Is he to let it alone? Could he?"

"I don't know," answered Brandon. "He has not the same temptation to take

it that you have."

"Temptation!" repeated Valentine. Brandon did not retract or explain the

word.

"And does he know any reason, I won-der, why he should renounce it?" con-tinued Valentine, but as he spoke his hand, which he had put out to take the Times, paused on its way, and his eyes involuntarily opened a little wider. Something, it seemed, had struck him, and he was recalling it and puzzling it out. Two or three lilies thrown under a lilactree by John's father, had come back to report themselves, nothing more recent or more startling than that, for he was still thinking of the elder brother. "And he must have hated him to the full as much as my poor father did," was his thought. "That garden had been shut up for his sake many, many years. Wait a minute, if that man got the estate wrongfully, I'll have nothing to do with it after all. Nonsense! Why do I slander the dead in my thoughts? as if I had not read that will many times—he in-herited after the old woman's sickly brother, who died at sea." After this his thoughts wandered into all sorts of vague and intricate paths that led to no certain goal; he was not even certain at last that there was anything real to puzzle about. His father might have been under some delusion after all.

At last his wandering eyes met Bran-

don's.

"Well!" he exclaimed, as if suddenly

waking up.

"How composedly he takes it, and yet how amazed he is!" thought Brandon. "Well," he replied, by way of answer.

"I shall ask you, Giles, as you have

would see to that, for there will be legacy- kept this matter absolutely secret so long, to keep it secret still; at any rate for a while, from every person whatever."

"I think you have a right to expect

I will." that of me.

"Poor little fellow! died at Corfu, then. The news is all over Wigfield by this time, no doubt. John knows of it of course, now." Again he paused, and this time it was his uncle's last conversation that recurred to his memory. It was most unwelcome. Brandon could see that he looked more than disturbed; he was also angry; and yet after a while, both these feelings melted away, he was like a man who had walked up to a cobweb, that stretched itself before his face, but when he had put up his hand and cleared it off, where was it?

He remembered how the vague talk of

a dying old man had startled him.

The manner of the gift, and the odd feeling he had suffered at the time, as if it might be somehow connected with the words said, appeared to rise up to be looked at. But one can hardly look straight at a thing of that sort without making it change its aspect. Sensations and impressions are subject to us; they may be reasoned down. His reason was stronger than his fear had been, and made it look foolish. He brought back the words, they were disjointed, they accused no one, they could not be put together. So he covered that recollection over, and threw it aside. He did not consciously hide it from himself, but he did know in his own mind that he should not relate it to his brother.

"Well, you have done your part," he said at length; "and now I must see

about doing mine."

"No one could feel more keenly than I do, how hard this is upon you," said Brandon; but Valentine detected a tone of relief in his voice, as if he took the words to mean a submission to the father's wish, and as if he was glad. "My poor father might have placed some confidence in me, instead of treating me like a child," he said bitterly; "why on earth could he not tell me all."

"Why, my dear fellow," exclaimed Brandon; "surely if you were to renounce the property, it would have been hard upon you and John to be shamed or tortured by any knowledge of the crime and disgrace that it came with."

"That it came with!" repeated Valentine; "you take that for granted, then? You have got further than I have."

"I think of course, that the crime was

committed, or the disgrace incurred, for | you, is it not so? It is not entailed, and

the sake of the property."

"Well," said Valentine, "I am much more uncertain about the whole thing than you seem to be. I shall make it my duty to investigate the matter. I must find out everything; perhaps it will be only too easy; according to what I find I shall act. One generation has no right so to dominate over another as to keep it always in childlike bondage to a command for which no reason is given. If, when I know, I consider that my dear father was right, I shall of my own freewill sell the land, and divest myself of the proceeds. If that he was wrong, I shall go and live fearlessly and freely in that house, and on that land which, in the course of providence, has come to me."

"Reasonable and cool," thought Brandon. "Have I any right to say more? visitors to the valley. He will do just what he says. No one was ever more free from superstition;

and he is of age, as he reminds me."
"Very well," he then said aloud; "you have a right to do as you please. Still, I must remind you of your father's distinct assertion, that in this case he has set you an example. He would not have the

land."

"Does he mean," said Valentine, confused between his surprise at the letter, his own recollections, and his secret wishes - "does he, can he mean, that his old mother positively asked him to be her heir, and he refused?"

"I cannot tell; how is the will word-

ed ?"

"My great-grandfather left his estate to his only son, and if he died childless to his eldest grandson; both these were mere boys at the time, and if neither lived to marry, then the old man left his estate to his only daughter. That was my grandmother, you know, and she had it for many years."

"And she had power to will it away, as

is evident."

"Yes, she might leave it to any one of her sons, or his representative; but she was not to divide it into shares. And in case of the branch she favoured dying out, the estate was to revert to his heirat-law - the old man's heir-at-law, you know, his nearest of kin. That would have been my father, if he had lived a year or two longer, he was the second son. It is a most complicated and volu-. minous will."

"But its provisions come to an end with slightly to alter Wordsworth's lines,-

you can do with it exactly as you please."

Valentine's countenance fell a little when his brother said this; he perceived that he chanced to be more free than most heirs, he had more freedom than he cared for.

"Yes," he replied, "that is so."

From Blackwood's Magazine. THE ABODE OF SNOW.

THE AFGHAN BORDER.

BEFORE leaving Kashmir I must devote a paragraph to its two most famous sheets of water, the Manasbal and the Wúlar lake. They are both on the usual way out from Srinagar, which is also the usual way to it, and are seen by most

The Manasbal is called the most beautiful, but is rather the most picturesque, lake in Kashmir. It lies close to the Jhelam, on the north-west, and is connected with that river by a canal only about a mile long, through which boats can pass. This little lake is not much larger than Grasmere, being scarcely three miles long by one broad; but its shores are singularly suggestive of peacefulness and solitude. Picturesque mountains stand round a considerable portion of it, and at one point near they rise to the height of ten thousand feet, while snowy summits are visible beyond. In its clear deep-green water the surrounding scenery is seen most beautifully imaged. There being so little wind in Kashmir, and the surrounding trees and mountains being so high, this is one of the most charming features of its placid lakes. Wordsworth has assigned the occasional calmness of its waters as one of the reasons why he claims that the lake country of England is more beautiful than Switzerland, where the lakes are seldom seen in an unruffled state; but in this respect the Valley of Roses far surpasses our English district, for its lakes are habitually calm: for hours at a time they present an almost absolute stillness; they are beautifully clear, and the mountains around them are not only of great height and picturesque shape, but, except in the height of summer, are half covered with snow; the clouds are of a more dazzling whiteness than in England, and the sky is of a deeper blue. There, Brandon asked one more question. most emphatically, if I may be allowed

The visible scene May enter unawares into the mind, With all its solemn imagery, its woods, Its snow, and that divinest heaven received Into the bosom of the placid lake.

The poet just quoted has tried to explain the singular effect upon the mind of such mirrored scenes by saying, that "the imagination by their aid is carried into recesses of feeling otherwise impenetrable." And he goes on to explain that the reason for this is, that "the heavens are not only brought down into the bosom of the earth, but that the earth is mainly looked at and thought of through the medium of a purer element. The happiest time is when the equinoctial gales have departed; but their fury may probably be called to mind by the sight of a few shattered boughs, whose leaves do not differ in colour from the faded foliage of the stately oaks from which these relics of the storm depend: all else speaks of tranquillity; not a breath of air, no restlessness of insects, and not a moving object perceptible, except the clouds gliding in the depths of the lake, or the traveller passing along, an inverted image, whose motion seems governed by the quiet of a time to which its archetype, the living person, is perhaps insensible: or it may happen that the figure of one of the larger birds, a raven or a heron, is crossing silently among the reflected clouds, while the noise of the real bird, from the element aloft, gently awakens in the spectator the recollection of appetites and instincts, pursuits and occupations, that deform and agitate the world, yet have no power to prevent nature from putting on an aspect capable of satisfying the most intense cravings for the tranquil, the lovely, and the perfect, to which man, the noblest of her creatures, is subject." But the reasons thus suggested, rather than explicitly pointed out, are scarcely sufficient to explain the singular charm of a beautiful upland and cloudland scene reflected in a deep, calm, clear lake. Its most power-ful suggestion is that of an under-world into which all things beautiful must pass, and where there is reserved for them a tranquillity and permanence unknown on earth. We seem to look into that underworld: the beauty of the earth appears under other conditions than those of our glimpse of the abiding forms of life, and of a more spiritual existence into which we ourselves may pass, yet one that will miris have a very curious story. They say not be altogether strange to us. Some that the birds, being aware of the diffi-

of our latest speculators have attempted to prove the existence of such a world even from the admitted facts of physical science; and in all ages it has been the dream of poetry and the hope of religion that beyond the grave, and perhaps beyond countless ages of phenomenal existence, or separated from us only by the veil of mortality, there is another and more perfect form of life - "the pure, eternal, and unchangeable" of Plato as well as of Christianity. No argument can be drawn in favour of such views from the under-world of a placid lake; but the contemplation of it is suggestive, and is favourable to that mood of mind in which we long and hope for a land

Ever pure and mirror-bright and even, Life amidst the immortals glides away; Moons are waning, generations changing, Their celestial life blooms everlasting Changeless 'mid a ruined world's decay.

The Wúlar is the largest remnant of that great lake which once filled the vale of Kashmir, and it too must disappear ere any long period of time elapses. Captain Bates says correctly that it "is a lake simply because its bottom is lower than the bed of the Jhelam; it will disappear by degrees as the bed of the pass at Baramúla becomes more worn away by the river; its extent is perceptibly becoming more circumscribed by the deposition of soil and detritus on its margin." This is not at all unlikely, as the average depth is only about twelve feet. Its greatest length is twelve miles, and its greatest breadth ten, so that it is by no means so grand a sheet of water as that of Geneva; but there is something in its character which reminds one of Lake Leman, and arises probably from the stretch of water which it presents, and the combined softness and grandeur of the scenery around. Lofty mountains rise almost immediately from its northern and eastern sides; but there is room all round the lake for the innumerable villages which enliven its shore. Calm as it usually is, furious storms often play upon its surface, and in one of these Ranjit Singh lost three hundred of the boats carrying his retinue and effects. In the beginning of spring some of the wild-fowl of this and the other lakes of upper-world; and we seem to catch a Kashmir take flight to the distant valleys of Yarkand and Kashgar; and, in con-

food on their journey. Such forethought is rare among the lower creation. I once, however, had a large dog which, when it saw me ready to start on a journey, would try and get hold of a bone or something of the kind, and take that down with it to the railway, in order to relieve the tedium of confinement in the dog-box; and, of course, animals bring food to

their young.

At Baramúla I took leave of the great valley of Kashmir. From that town a path leads up to the mountain-down of Gulmarg, the most favourite of the sanitariums of Kashmir, and from whence a derful swimming I have ever seen. splendid view may be obtained of the of Nangha Parbat, which rises about a hundred miles to the north, between the districts of Chilas and Astor. Immediately below Baramúla, and after leaving the great valley, the Jhelam changes its character, and becomes a swift, furious river, on which boats cannot be used at all, except at one or two calmer places, where they are used for ferries, being lowest ridge of the mountains which attached by ropes to the bank. Along form the watershed between the two these are paths on both sides of the river, but that on the left or southern bank is much preferable, both because the bridleroad is better, and it is much more shaded. Seven easy marches took me to the town of Mozafarabad, and I did not enjoy that part of my journey the less that I have almost nothing to say about The scenery is most beautiful, and fills the mind with a sense of calm pleasure. Though the valley is narrow it is thickly wooded, and the dark forest glades spread out, here and there, into more open spaces, with green meadows. Great black precipices alternate with wooded slopes; there are beautiful halting-places under immense trees, and the path often descends into dark cool gorges, where there are picturesque bridges over the foaming mountain streams. must be delightful to come on this Jhelam valley in April or May from the burned-up plains of India, and it might revive even a dying man. Among the trees there were flocks of monkeys, which drove my Tibetan dogs frantic; larger valley. were not free from insects, especially before Alexander the Great took the rock-

culty of finding food in the streams of fleas, and the bridle-path went up and Tibet, which have only stony banks and down more than was strictly necessary; beds, take with them a supply of the but I hear better houses have been erect-singhara, or water-nut of Kashmir, for ed, or are in course of erection, and the road is being improved. As no charge was made for stopping in the rest-houses, one could not complain of them; but the new houses are to be charged for like travellers' bungalows in British India. At one of the wildest parts of the river, a Kashmiri said to me, "Decco," or, "Look here, Sahib!" and plunged from a high rock into the foaming stream. The most obvious conclusion was that he had found life and the maharajah's officers too much for him; but he reappeared a long way down, tossed about by the river, and displayed the most won-

Mozafarabad is in the corner of the wonderful twenty-six-thousand-feet peak junction between the Jhelam and the Kishen Ganga, or the river of Krishna. The valley of the latter stream is, for the most part, a mere chasm among the mountains, and some of its scenery is said to be exceedingly wild and beautiful. Mozafarabad is an important town, with about twelve hundred families, and a large fort, and stands on the last and rivers. Here I left the road, which takes on to the hill-station of Mari and to the Panjáb plains at Rawal Pindi, and crossed the Kishen Ganga, as well as the Jhelam, in order to proceed to Abbota-

bad and the Afghan border.

Thus I have now to enter upon an entirely different district of country from any I have yet described in these papers. We have to go along the base of the Hindú Kúsh, below mountains into which the English traveller is not allowed to enter, and which are peopled by hardy war-like mountaineers, very different in character from the placid Tibetans and effeminate Kashmiris. The first district through which I have to pass is called the Hazara, and extends from near Mozafarabad to the Indus where it issues from the Hindú Kúsh; the second is the Yusufzai district, which occupies the triangle formed by the Indus, the Kaubul River, and the mountains just referred to; and beyond these districts I have only to speak of Pesháwar, and of an excursion a short way up the famous Khyher Pass. and bears are to be found in the wild All that border has seen a great deal of mountain valleys which branch off from fighting by British troops - and fighting The rest-houses without end before any British appeared erected by the maharajah of Kashmir on the scene, or even existed; and even visit under guard of Afghan chiefs and

horsemen in chain armour.

Mozafarabad is only 2,470 feet high, and a steep mountain ridge separates it from the more elevated valley of the Kunhar River, which is inhabited by Afghans who are under the dominion of Great Britain. On passing from the Kashmir to the English border I found an excellent path, on which mountain-guns might easily be carried, and descended on the village of Gurhi Hubli, where large-bodied, often fair-complexioned, Afghans filled the This place is too close to the streets. border of Afghanistan to be altogether a safe retreat; but there are a large number of armed policemen about it. Scorn me not, romantic reader, if my chief association connected with it is that of the intense pleasure of finding myself in a travellers' bungalow once more. Our estimate of these much-abused edifices depends very much on the side we take them from. After having snow for the carpet of your tent, and visits at night from huge Tibetan bears, there is some satisfaction in finding yourself quite safe from everything except some contemptible rat or a (comparatively) harmless grey scorpion. There is also comfort in being free from the insects of the Kashmir resthouses. People who have never lived in anything but houses must lose half the pleasure of living in a house. How the first man who made a dwelling for himself must have gloated over his wretched contrivance until some stronger man came and took possession of it! But the bungalows of the Hazara district are particularly well-built and luxurious, just as if distinguished travellers were constantly in the habit of visiting that extremely out-of-the-way part of the world; and their lofty rooms afforded most grateful coolness and shade; while my wearied servants were delighted to remit the business of cooking for me to the government khansamah, while reserving to themselves the right and pleasure of severely criticising his operations and tendering to him any amount of advice.

The next day took me along a beautiful road over another but a low mountainpass, and winding among hills which were thickly covered with pines and cedars. The forest here was truly magnificent, and perfect stillness reigned under its shade. Emerging from that, I came down on the broad Pukli valley, on the other side of which, but at some distance, were

fortress of Aornos, which we have to ban, or Black Mountain, which was the scene of one of the most bloodless of our hill-campaigns. I stopped that night of the 4th November at Mansera, and witnessed a total eclipse of the moon, which was then at the full. This seemed to cause a good deal of consternation among the people of the village, and they moaned and wailed as if the heavens and the earth were in danger of passing away.

Another day took me to Abbotabad, which is a considerable military station, and commands a large portion of the frontier. It is 4,166 feet high, and being a little above the thirty-fourth degree of north latitude, it has a cool and fine climate. A good deal of rain fell during the few days that I was there, and the air felt very much like that of a wet English September or October; while the church and the character of the houses gave the place quite an English look. Rising close above it, at the height of nine thousand feet, there is the sanitarium of Tandiani, which can easily be reached in a very few hours, so that the officers stationed at this place are particularly fortunate. I wonder it is not more taken advantage of for European troops. Not even excepting artillerymen, all the troops there were Goorkhas, Panjábis, or Hindústhanis; but no doubt there are military reasons for this, Abbotabad being so far from any railway: but it stands to reason that an important frontier-station of this kind would be much the better of an English

Anglo-Indian society shows to advan-tage in these secluded military stations, and I was at once made to feel quite at home by the officers and their families at Abbotabad. I had the advantage, too, of being the guest of General Keyes, an officer who distinguished himself greatly in the Umbeyla campaign, in which he was wounded, and who commanded the whole of the frontier forces, from Kashmir round the northern border to Pesháwar, and from Pesháwar, excluding the district of that name, down to Dehra Ghazi Khan, a little below Múltan. This, of course, involves the direction of many regiments; and the officer commanding the frontier is not properly under the commander-in-chief in India, but under the direction of the Panjáb government. In the Peshawar district, which occurs in the midst of his border, the state of matters is different, all the large number of troops there being directly under the That seems an commander-in-chief. visible the wooded heights of the Mata- anomalous state of affairs; but the reason exceedingly difficult to manage, the govience, even a single sowar riding behind ernment of the Panjab is supposed to reone is a nuisance to a meditative travquire a large body of troops on that frontier at its own direct disposal, while it is equally necessary for the commander-inchief in India to have a large force under his orders at Pesháwar, which fronts the Khyber Pass, and is the key of our trans-

Indus possessions.

Abbotabad I saw when it was in a rather lively state, there being a marriage, a death, and sundry other minor events, during my very brief stay there. It was also much exercised by a ritualistic clergyman, who availed himself of the rare occasion of a marriage to act in a manner which threw the whole small community into a state of excitement, and who insisted on the bride and bridegroom partaking of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper on the morning of their wedding-When chaplains in India give themselves the rein, they can indulge in many curious freaks. At another Indian station which I visited, my host told me that, at an evening party at his (my host's) bishop before a large cheval-glass, and asked him if he had seen the latest portrait of the gorilla? It is a pity that the good bishop had not the presence of mind to say that he recognized a resemblance in the figure standing behind him. But the Abbotabad chaplain's proceedings did little more than give a zest to the festivities connected with the marriage, which was that of a daughter of the popular officer commanding the station; but ere they came to a close, they were terribly interfered with by the death of Captain Snow, who expired suddenly from heart-disease - a malady which seems to be singularly common in the north of India - almost immediately after returning to his bungalow from the communion-service which the chaplain had insisted on holding on geries of small villages, and a large forthe morning of the marriage-day. He tified police than on one side of the left a young widow; and I have since Indus. Opposite to it, and divided from noticed that other members of those Abbotabad parties who were full of life and humour, and distinguished by more graceful charms, have unexpectedly passed

From Abbotabad I proceeded in three easy marches to Torbela, where the dangerous part of the frontier commences. Up to Torbela I had only a couple of also on the right bank of the Indus, sowars, or native horse-soldiers, with there is Sitana, for long famous as the me; but from the Indus on to the fort headquarters of the Wahabhi and other of Hoti Marian, I was guarded with as fanatics, who kept up an agitation in In-

for it is, that the Afghan frontier being rolled into one. As a matter of conveneller, especially when the M. T. is suffering from rheumatism in the back, which makes riding painful to him; and I would gladly have dispensed with the escorts which were provided for me. It is not usual to allow any Englishmen, except officers on duty, to go along this part of the frontier, which touches on the territory of the akoond of Swat; and I was enabled to do so only by the special permission of the viceroy and the commander-in-chief. The border-authorities were thus responsible for my safety, and they took care to see that no harm befell me from the wild tribes of the mountains round the base of which I skirted. The reason of this anxiety was thus explained to me by a humorous officer: "Do not suppose," he said, "that the Panjáb authorities mean to do you any special honour; they probably wish you far enough. The case is this: if the hillmen get hold of you - and they would be very likely to make a dash at house, the chaplain marched his own you over the border if you went unprotected - they would carry you up into the mountains, and would then write to the Panjáb government offering to ex-change you against some of their own budmashes which we have in prison. The government would probably take no notice of this communication; and, after the lapse of a little time, there would come down a second letter from the Swat hillmen, repeating the proposal, and containing the first joint of your little finger. The next day another letter would come with the second joint. Now, you see, it would be extremely unpleasant for the Panjáb government to be receiving joints of your fingers, day after day, in official letters."

Torbela is a village, or rather a conthis extreme corner of our territory by the river, there is the wild mountain Afghan district of Bunnair; and immediately opposite Torbela there is the fighting village of Kubbul or Kabal, chock-full of murderers and other fugitives from British justice; while, on the same side, three miles farther up, and much care as if I were three viceroys dia for a jehad, or holy war, and are supposed by some to have instigated the as-jover in hot haste next morning with a

Justice Norman.

It occurred to me very forcibly here that now or never was my chance of crossing the border and seeing an Afghan village in its primitive simplicity. The British government does not allow its above-mentioned accident which may happen to their fingers; but I thought there could be nothing wrong in my crossing to a village which was in sight of our own territory, and could easily be destroyed. The next day I was to be handed over to the guards of the Yusufzai district; and, meanwhile, had only to deal with the native thanadar in command of the armed police. That functionary, however, would not countenance any such proposal, and told me that Kubbul was a particularly bad place to go to; that a few nights before it had come over and attacked one of the villages on his side of the Indus, and that, at the moment, it was fighting within itself.

This looked bad; but fortunately, a few minutes after, one of my servants came up to the roof of the thana on which I was sitting, and told me a curious story about the jemadar, the second in command. That hero had once been in this or some other police thana in which a considerable sum of money was lying, when it was attacked at night by a number of Afghans from beyond the border. Judging the attacking force to be overpowering, the thánadar and his police fled, probably no resistance being made to that, as the money was the object of the raid; but old Hagan, as I shall call the jemadar after the hero of the "Nibelungen Lied" who fought a similar fight, but in a less successful manner, remained behind, concealed in the darkness of the night and of the thána. Before the Afghans had broken into the place where the money was, he attacked them single-handed with a tremendous sword which he had, cutting down the only torchman they had at the first blow, and then slashing away at them indiscriminately. He had the advantage of knowing that every one about him was an enemy; while the Afghans, taken by surprise, and confused in the darkness, did not know how many assailants

sassination of Lord Mayo and of Mr. body of mounted police, expecting to find the treasury rifled; but, instead of that, he found my old friend the jemadar strutting up and down the thana, sword in hand, while a score of Afghans were lying dead or dying round him.

On hearing this, it immediately struck subjects to cross the border, owing to the me that Hagan was exactly the man intended to assist me to Kubbul, so I got him aside and asked him if he would go. Would he go! Repeating this question, a strange wild light broke out of the old man's eyes; he unsheathed his tremendous blade, of which it might well be said, that -

> The sword which seemed fit for archangel to wield, Was light in his terrible hand;

and eagerly assured me that if I would only say the word he would go with me not only to Kubbul but to Swat, which was supposed to be the last place in the world that an Englishman in his senses would dream of visiting. I should have been glad to have accepted this proposal of going to Swat, but felt bound in honour to the high officials who had allowed me to go along the frontier, not to take anything which might look like an unfair advantage of their kindness. On hearing of our intention to cross the river, the thánadar - who seemed to be a little in awe of his subordinate of the midnight massacre, but who was a proud Mohammedan who did not like to seem backward in courage - said that he would go also, and after a little delay, produced a tall red-bearded old man, who had friends on the other side, and would accompany us. I fancy, however, that he must have reasoned with the jemadar in private upon the subject, because, before starting, that worthy took me aside and said that we had better not stay long in Kubbul, because when the people in the mountains heard of our being there they might come down upon us. Our small party was increased by a somewhat unwilling policeman. It was well armed, and though I preferred to trust to the farfamed hospitality of the Afghans, and make no show of arms, I carried more than one weapon of offence concealed about me, and in handy positions.

So we crossed the splendid and rapid they had to deal with, and began hewing stream of the Indus in a large carved at each other, until the cry got up that boat of white wood. The fighting village the devil was amongst them, and those of Kubbul rose up almost from the water's who were able to do so fled. The as-edge, and covered both sides of a long sistant commissioner of the district came ridge which ran parallel with the stream.

partly occupied by a few grain-fields, immediately behind which were high bare savage mountains, the habitat of those individuals who are supposed to send men's fingers in official letters. All male Kubbul apparently (female portion not being visible, if indeed it exists at all, which I am not in a position to affirm) had turned out to receive us, and lined the shore in a state of great curiosity. On landing, some rupees were presented to me as a token of obeisance, and I touched them instead of pocketing them, as the formal act invited me to do; but which would have been considered very bad manners on my part, and would probably have sent all feelings and obligations of hospitality to the winds. were then taken over the ridge into the little valley behind, and the head-men showed me with great complacency the effects of the warfare in which they had been engaged on the previous day. What appeared to have taken place was that one end of the fighting village of Kubbul had blown out the other end, the place being in a state of too high pressure. It him or send him back, but would either was divided into two parts, and my friends had made breaches in the wall of their neighbours' half and destroyed the fortunately for his enterprise, my friend houses next to that wall. They also showed me a mud tower which they had taken and dismantled; and this was done with so much pride that I remarked they must be very fond of fighting, on which they assumed quite a different tone, and lamented the sad necessity they had been under of having recourse to arms—a issued strict orders for his apprehension. necessity which was entirely due to the bad and desperate character of their neighbours. On this, even the solemn thánadar smiled to me, for they themselves were about as ruffianly and desperate-looking a lot as could well be conceived of. Where the enemy was all this time I cannot say. Perhaps he was up in the hills, or keeping quiet in the dilapidated part of the village; but he could not have been far off, for the fight-ing was renewed that afternoon after we strength." The badraga is a body of left, and heavy firing went on. care not to inquire after him. It was lers through the limits of their own terquite enough to have one party to deal with; and it would have been impolitic in great part of a venal kind. to have been appealed to in the dispute, or to have shown any interest in the vanquished.

After this we sat down in a courtyard, with a large crowd round us, and I was fighting of the previous day. asked if I would wait while they prepared the daggers were very formidable instrubreakfast for me; and they pressed me ments, being about a foot and a half long.

the narrow valley behind that ridge being to do so. On this the old jemadar gave me a significant look, so I compromised the matter by asking for some milk only; and very rich milk it was. Many of the men seated round us were fugitives from English justice, and they were not slow to proclaim the fact. One man told me that he had committed a murder seven years before in his own village, on our side of the Indus; and he asked me whether, seeing so long a period had elapsed, he might not go back there with safety, adding that his conduct since then had been remarkably good: he had not killed any one since, except in open fight. I referred him to the thanadar, who, in an alarmed manner, refused to take any responsibility in such a matter. Downes tells me that when he tried to go from Pesháwar to Kafiristan, and was seized, bound, robbed, and sent back, after he had got twenty miles beyond the frontier, and mainly at the instigation of the Peshawar police, the Afghans who seized him asked him if he had committed murder or any serious crime; because in that case they would not rob protect him or let him go on among the mountains as he might desire; but uncould not claim the necessary qualifications. Behram Khan, who murdered Major Macdonald this year of my journey and immediately crossed the frontier, has never been delivered up or punished, though the amir of Kaubul has professed The having committed any serious crime, and being a fugitive from justice, will secure protection among the Afghans; but they have a special respect for murderers. Even that, however, is not a sufficient protection beyond a certain point; for, as Dr. Bellew says, "if the guest be worth it, he is robbed or murdered by his late host as soon as beyond the protecting limits of the village boundary, if I took armed men who are paid to convoy travelritory; so that, after all, the protection is

> The men who crowded round us did not carry their swords or matchlocks, but they all had daggers, and some of them had been slightly wounded in the

LIVING AGE. VOL. XI.

sharp at the point, sometimes round or three-cornered, slightly curved, and with thick, strong handles, capable of affording an adequate grasp. They are not like the ornamental articles of the kind which we see in Europe, but are meant for use, and would slither into one with great ease, and make a deep, fatal wound. When these noble borderers stab in the stomach, as they are fond of doing, they have a hideous way of working the dagger in the wound before withdrawal, in order to make assurance doubly sure. There was really, however, not the least danger from these people, unless from some extreme fanatic amongst them, who would probably be kept away from me; and though Sitana was within sight, I learned that the colony of discontented Indians there had been removed further into the mountains, as the agitation they kept up in our territory transgressed even the liberal bounds of Afghan hospitality. The question may well be raised as to the expediency of allowing fugitives from English justice to look on us in safety from immediately across the border; but it is at least obvious that we could not well interfere with them without departing from the whole line of policy which we have pursued towards Afghanistan of late years. That policy may be—and, I think, is—a mistaken one; but, if adhered to at all, we require to treat the border as a line which neither party should transgress in ordinary circumstances.

On recrossing the river, a number of the youth of Kubbul accompanied us on mussaks, or inflated hides, on which they moved with considerable rapidity, the front of the mussak being in form something like a swan's breast, and gliding easily through or over the water. of these skins were so small that they must have been those of sheep or young calves, and each bore a single swimmer, whose body was thus kept out of the water while his limbs were free to paddle in it. From this point to its origin, about the Tibetan Kailas, great part of the long sweep of the Indus is unknown to Europeans, and its course is set down on our maps by a conjectural dotted line. We know it again where it enters Baltistan, and as it passes through Ludak, but that is all. "Indus incolis Sindus appellatus," said Pliny, and the Sanscrit meaning of the word is said to be "the sea;" but the Aryans who spoke Sanscrit must have had rather vague ideas as high summits of the wild mountains

thick at the base, tapering gradually, very I to what the sea was. As the Sutlei is supposed to proceed from the mouth of a crocodile, so the Indus comes from that of a lion. Edward Thornton, in his "Gazetteer of the Countries adjacent to India," has collected and reproduced all the information of any importance we have in regard to this great and historically interesting river, and I must refer my reader to that work for the details, as also to General Cunningham's "Ladak." It has been measured near Torbela and found to be one hundred yards broad; but at Torbela I should think it was about two hundred yards, though the current was rapid and deep. Between that place and Attock it is so shallow in winter, when it is not fed by melting snow, that there are several points at which it can be forded. From this point, also, boats can go down all the way to the sea, as they can also from very near Kaubul, floating down the Kaubul River till it reaches the Indus.

Starting from Torbela on the after-

noon of this day, I went about seven or eight miles down the left bank of the Indus to a ferry there is nearly opposite the mighty rock of Pihur, which rises on the opposite shore, or rather almost out of the bed of the river, for in seasons of flood this rock is surrounded by the stream. Here I was passed over from the protection of the Huzara authorities to those of the Yusufzai district. Crossing the great river in another of those large, high-pooped, carved boats of white wood, such as, in all probability, bore Alexander the Great across the Indus, on the opposite bank a very strange sight appeared which looked as if it might have been taken out of the Middle Ages, or even out of the time of the Grecian conqueror. The boundary-line be-tween our territory and that of Afghanistan here leaves the Indus and runs along the foot of the Hindú Kúsh, and one is supposed now to be in special need of being taken care of; so I was received on landing, and with great dignity, by a number of Afghan khans belonging to our side of the border, by a native

Nothing could be more picturesque than the scene. It was now evening, and through the clear air the red light of the setting sun flamed over the yellow sands of the Indus, and burned on the

officer of police, a body of mounted police, and a number of the retainers of

the khans, some of whom were horse-

men in chain-armour.

tainers beside them, and their fine horses, were picturesque enough figures; but the most picturesque feature in the scene was, undoubtedly, the men in chainarmour, who carried immensely long spears, rode the wildest and shaggiestlooking of horses, wore brass helmets on their heads over crimson handkerchiefs, and galloped about between us and the hills, shaking their long spears, as if an immediate descent of the enemy was expected and they were prepared to do battle for us to the death. Unfortunately, the enemy never did put in an appearance all the way along the border; but the men in armour did very well instead, and imparted a delightful sense of danger

to the mysterious mountains. The rock of Pihur is between three hundred and four hundred feet high, and it would be a pleasant place of residence were it not for the wind which blows very violently up or down the Indus valley, and did so all night when I was there. Here I began to realize for the first time (belief being quite a different thing) that I was of some importance Guards slept in the vein the world. randa of the bungalow in which I was, though it was placed on the extreme summit of the rock and looked down precipices; guards paced round it all night; there was a guard half-way down the rock; another guard at the foot of the rock; and, when I looked down to the valley below, in the morning before daybreak, there were my friends in chainarmour riding round the rock in the moonlight, but slowly, and drooping in their saddles as if they were asleep and recruiting after the fatigues of the day.

From Pihúr we rode about twenty miles along the base of the mountains to the thána of Swabi, passing through the village of Topi, the khan of which accompanied us on the journey. mountains here and all along the border have a very singular effect, because they rise so suddenly above the plain. Our trans-Indus territory is here almost a dead level, being broken only by watercourses, at this season dry, which descend abruptly below the surface of the From this wide level, which is scarcely eighteen hundred feet above the sea, the mountains of the Hindú Kúsh rise quite abruptly for thousands of feet, range towering above range till we come to the line of snowy summits. inevitable horsemen in chain-armour), As I have already pointed out, these thought it necessary to accompany me, mountains are really a continuation of all armed to the teeth, and mounted on

around. The Afghan chiefs, with the re- | the Himáliya, being separated from the latter by the gorge of the Indus, and running more directly to the west. Sir A. Burns has told us that the name Hindú Kúsh is unknown to the Afghans, but that there is a particular peak, and also a pass bearing that name. This also a pass bearing that name. mountain is far from our present neighbourhood, being between Afghanistan and Túrkestan. A good deal of doubt hangs over the derivation and meaning of the word; but, fancifully or not, the Kúsh has been identified with the Caucasus of Pliny, and the whole of the immense range from the Himáliya to the Paropamisan Mountains, is known in this country as the Indian Caucasus. It is supposed to have a maximum height of about twenty thousand feet, but very little really is known about it, and that adds to the interest of the range. Its highest peak or cluster of peaks appears to be the Koh-i-Baba, the Hindú Kúsh proper, between Kaubul and Bamían; and in the near neighbourhood of the British border there seem to be no peaks quite sixteen thousand feet high, though some way back from it, beyond Swat, there is one of 18,564, and another of 19,132, the altitude of these heights, I presume, having been taken from points within our own territory, or that of Kashmir. In geological formation these mountains do not seem to differ much from the Himáliya, being chiefly composed of quartz, granite, gneiss, mica-schist, slates, and limestone; but they are richer in metals - namely, gold, lead, copper, tin, iron, and antimony. The most remarkable difference between the two ranges is, that in their western portion the Hindú Kúsh are not backed to the north by elevated table-lands like those of Tibet, but sink abruptly into the low plains of Túrkestan. They are even more destitute of wood than the Himáliya, but have more valleys which are sometimes better than mere gorges.

The thána at Swabi is a very large strong place, with high walls, and could stand a siege by the mountaineers. It was here arranged that I should make a day's excursion, and recross the frontier, in order to visit the famous ruins of Ranikhet or Ranigat. This, however, I was told, was not a journey to be lightly undertaken. The thánadar of Swabi, the officer of police, and quite a number of Afghan khans, with their followers (including the

fine horses. The chiefs who went with | fied this place with the Aornos of Alexmy solid Khiva horse, they mounted me on a splendid and beautiful steed, which would have been much more useful than my own for the purpose of running away, if that had been at all necessary. I could well, however, have dispensed with this arrangement, for by this time I had begun to suffer intensely from intercostal rheumatism; I could get no sleep because of it, and every quick movement on horseback was torture. I should like to have ridden slowly to Ranigat, a distance of about twelve miles from the thána, as the quietest and humblest of pilgrims; but it was impossible to ride slowly on a blood-horse, with half-a-dozen Afghan khans prancing round you; and however much you wished to do so, the blood-horse would object, so I had to lead a sort of steeplechase, especially in coming back, when, my blood having got thoroughly heated by torture and climbing, the rheumatism left me for the nonce, and by taking a bee line, I easily outstripped the khans, who must have been somewhat exhausted by their long fast, it being the month of Ramadan, when good Mohammedans do not taste anything from sunrise to sunset. This horse I had must have been worth £200 at least; and when I returned it to its owner, he told me that he could not think of taking it away from me after I had done him the honour of riding apon it. I accepted this offer at its true value, and found no difficulty in getting the khan to take back his steed. I was curious enough to inquire at Mardán what would have been the result if I had accepted the offer, and was told that it would have caused endless indignation, and would probably have led to the murder, not of myself, but of somebody who had nothing whatever to do with the af-

Leaving our horses at the little village of Nowigram, we climbed on foot for a thousand feet up-the steep hill on which are the ruins of Ranigat. General Cunningham \* has the merit of having identi-

me were Mir Ruzzun, khan of Topi; ander the Great. The antiquarian dis-Manir, khan of Jeda; Shah Aswur, cussion on this point would hardly inter-khan of Manir; Sumundu, khan of est the general reader; so I shall only Maneri; Amir, khan of Shewa; Husain say that no other place which has been Shah, the thanadar of Swabi; and the suggested suits Aornos so well as Raniofficer of police, Khan Bahadur Jhu- gat, though something may be said in nota, or some such name. It was a favour of General Abbott's view that most imposing retinue; and in lieu of Aornos was the Mahában mountain.\* Rani-gat means the "queen's rock," and got this name from the Rani of Raja Vara. It has every appearance of having been a *petra* or "rock-fortress," the word applied to Aornos by Diodorus and Strabo. The khans who were with me called Ranigat a fort, and any one would do so who had not a special power of discovering the remains of ancient monasteries. Dr. Bellew does not seem to have visited this place; but in his valuable report on the Yusufzai district, the refers to it as one of a series of ruins, and dwells on monastic features which they present. He is especially eloquent on the "hermit cells," which, he says, "are met with on the outskirts of the ruins of Ranigat;" and argues that the apertures sloping from them, and opening out on the faces of the precipices, were "for the purpose of raking away ashes and admitting a current of air upwards." Having got so far, the learned doctor proceeds to draw a pleasing pic-ture of the priests issuing from their chambers, crossing to the gateway of the temple, ascending its steps, making their obeisance to the assembly of the gods, offering incense, making sacrifices, "and then retiring for meditation to the solemn and dark silence of their subterranean cells." terranean cells." Unfortunately, how-ever, there is another and much more probable theory in regard to these subterranean cells, and that is that they were simply public latrines. Hence the sloping aperture out on the precipices. The plateau which forms the summit of the hill is strongly fortified by immensely strong buildings which run round it, and are composed of great blocks of hewn stone sometimes carefully fitted on each other, and in other places cemented as it were by small stones and thin slabs. This plateau is about twelve hundred feet in length by eight hundred in breadth, and is a mass of ruins. Separated from the external works and the "subterranean cells," the citadel is five hundred feet long and four hundred

<sup>\*</sup> See his Ancient Geography of India, I. The Budhist Period, p. 58.

<sup>\*</sup> See Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, 1854, p. 303, and 1853, p. 409.
† Government Press. Lahore, 1864.

broad. A number of broken statues, lance with Afghans before this journey, of this Yusufzai district is full of the most interesting antiquarian remains, such as ruins, statues, bas-reliefs, and coins, indicating the existence of a large population, of great cities, of arts, of an advanced civilization and of nations which have long since disappeared. A great part of these remains are Búdhistic, a few have relation to Alexander the Great and his Greeks, and a larger number belong to the empires of the Græco-Bactrians, Indo-Bactrians, and Scythians. I should, however, require several articles in order to do justice to this subject, and must content myself with merely alluding to it.

There is a fine wild view from Ranigat up the mountains of the Hindú Kúsh, and it is close to the entrance of the Umbeyla Pass, where, a few years ago, we had some very severe fighting with the hill-men. Their conduct had rendered it necessary to teach them a lesson, and a large British force was sent into the pass; but the Afghans swarmed down upon it in large numbers and fought like devils. The British soldier did not show to his usual advantage in this campaign, and one regiment retreated rather ignominiously from a post which it ought to have held. In order to insure the retaking of this position, Sir Neville Chamberlain, the commander of the force, placed himself at the head of the attacking column, and, rumour has it, turned round and said, "There must be no running away this time," on which the colonel of one regiment replied, "The —th don't require to be told that, general."

This portion of Afghanistan is scarcely even nominally under the sway of the amir of Kaubul, and is virtually ruled by the akoond of Swat, who is rather a spiritual than a temporal prince, but exercises a good deal of temporal power over the chiefs in his territory. He was ninety years old at the possible for the European to draw any time of my visit to the Yusufzai, and line within which the Patháns may be had the reputation of being an extremely bigoted Mohammedan, not averse to in Kaubul, and the popular belief is that stirring up a jehad against the infidels in the devil fell there when he was thrown India; and in this respect his son was said to be even worse than himself. For-the Afghans themselves, and a double tunately, however, we have a counter-portion of the spirit of Cain seems to tunately, however, we have a counter-portion of the spirit of Cain seems to check to him in the mullah of Topi, with-have descended upon them. In one in our own district, who exercises a great small village through which I passed, religious influence over the Afghans, and there had been twelve secret assassinais a rival of the akoond.

chiefly figures of Búdha, have been found and must say a word in regard to their among these ruins, and also one statue character. They are a very strange mix-with the Macedonian cloak. The whole ture of heroism and cowardice, fidelity ture of heroism and cowardice, fidelity and treachery, kindness and cruelty, magnanimity and meanness, high-sounding morality and unspeakably atrocious viciousness. Though their language affords no countenance to their own belief that they are sons of Israel, and the linguist scoffs at this supposition in his usual manner, I think there is something in it. In physical appearance and in character they resemble the Hebrews of history; and it is unscientific, in judging of the origin of a people, to place exclusive reliance on one particular, such as language. Much meditation over this subject has also convinced me that our modern writers are far too much given to drawing hard and fast lines when treating of ethnology. They get hold of a race or a nation somewhere in the past, and virtually, indeed often unconsciously, assume that it has become stereotyped for all time, leaving out of mind that circumstances similar to those which form a race are continually modifying its peculiarities. As to the Afghans, I deem it likely that there is some truth in all the theories which have been started as to their origin. They are probably partly Semitic, partly Aryan, partly Asiatic, and partly European. There is nothing improbable in the supposition that their Hebrew blood has been mingled with that of the soldiers of Alexander the Great and of the Greek colonists of the Græco-Bactrian kingdoms, and also of the Asiatic Albanians, who were driven across Persia. The Indo-Bactrians, again, may have modified this race; and the theory of a composite origin affords some explanation of the inconsistencies of the Afghan character.

Afghan history is a dreadful story of cruelty, faithlessness, perfidy, and treachery. Though they may understand the matter among themselves, yet it is imout of heaven. These are the views of tions within nine months. Among these I had made a good deal of acquaint- people you have perpetually recurring

women, or land, or cattle. A good many of our officers on the frontier have been assassinated, sometimes out of mere wantonness, and they have to go about armed or guarded. The Afghan monarch Shah Mahmood owed his throne to his wuzeer Futteh Khan (Barukzai), and the latter was always careful not to show any want of allegiance or respect for that sovereign; yet Shah Mahmood, at the in-stigation of a relative, had his wuzeer seized, and put out both his benefactor's eyes in the year 1818. Then he had the unfortunate blind man brought before him bound, and had him deliberately cut to pieces - nose, ears, lips, and then the joints. This is a characteristic Afghan incident, and not the less so that it was a

ruinous act for the perpetrator. Sir Alexander Burnes, in his account of his journey to Bokhara (vol. ii. p. 124), says of the Afghans that, "if they themselves are to be believed, their ruling vice is envy, which besets even the nearest and dearest relations. No people are more capable of managing intrigue." And yet he adds, "I imbibed a very favourable impression of their national character." But this vice of envy is peculiarly the characteristic which marks off the lower from the higher portion of the human race; it has, not inappropriately, been assigned as the cause of angels turning into devils; and it is curious to find that a people like the Afghans, who are possessed by it, can still excite admiration. Mr. T. P. Hughes, a well-known, able missionary on the border, who is intimately acquainted with these people, says that "the Afghans are a manly race, of sociable and lively habits. All Europeans who have come in contact with them have been favourably impressed with the very striking contrast exhibited by our trans-Indus subjects to the mild Hindú and the miserable Hindústhani and Pan-jábi Mohammedans." He also says that their "manly qualities are not unequal to our own," and that "there are elements of true greatness in the Afghan national character." Yet I was assured by more than one excellent authority that one of the most hideous of all vices is openly practised in Kaubal, where a bazaar or street is set apart for it; and that even

reasons, in the shape of dead bodies, for conduct towards the boys under their putting the questions, "Who is she?" tuition. It is the extraordinary union of and "How much was it?" for their mur- virtues and vices which forms the most ders proceed usually from quarrels as to puzzling feature in the Afghan character. women, or land, or cattle. A good many To courage, strength, and the other better features of a wild sentimental mountain people, they unite vices which are usually attributed to the decrepitude of corrupt civilizations and dying races; and though their fidelity is often able to overcome torture and death, it as often succumbs to the most trivial and meanest

temptations.

I am inclined to believe that much of the badness of the Afghans is owing to the influence of Mohammedanism. One might expect that so simple and intelligible a religion, holding the doctrine of the unity of God, and admitting Christ as one of its line of prophets, would be superior in its effects to polytheistic Hindúism, and especially to Brahmanism, the acceptance of which after and in face of Búdhism, involved a moral suicide on the part of the people of India. But certainly my knowledge of India does not support that conclusion. Among a purely Semitic race like the Arabs, secluded among their deserts and at a certain stereotyped stage of thought, Mohammedanism may be good, and it undoubtedly appears to have exercised a beneficial influence in its removal of ancient superstitions; but in the larger sphere and greater complica-tions of modern life it becomes an evil influence, from its essentially Pharisaical character and its want of power to touch the human heart. I need not speak of Christianity or of Búdhism, with their enthusiasm of love and their doctrines of self-sacrifice: but even in Brahmanism there are humanizing influences; and in the older Hindúism, as Dr. John Muir has so well shown by his metrical translations, the law of love finds an important place. It is not even the worst of Mohammedanism that it is a system of external observances and mechanical devotion. Its central idea, as elaborated to-day, is that of the Creator and Governor of the universe as a merciless tyrant, ruling after the caprice of a fathomless will, breaking the clay of humanity into two pieces, throwing the one to the right saying, "These into heaven, and I care not;" and the other to the left saying, "These into hell, and I care not." Whenever God is thus regarded as an arbitrary tyrant, instead of an all-loving Father whose dealings with His children tranin Peshawar the agents of the Church scend our knowledge but do not revolt Mission require to be cautious in their our moral consciousness, religion, or

rather that which takes its place, becomes | Thou art in truth the all-engrossing idea of a frightful instrument of evil; and even when the natural working of the human heart is too strong to allow of its being carried out practically to its logical conclusions, on the other hand, it prevents our higher sympathies from being of much practical use. It is worthy of such a system that it should regard a few external observances, and the mere utterance of such a formula as "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His prophet," as insuring an entrance into heaven, and that its heaven should be one of purely sensual delight. I do not mean to say that Mohammed is responsible for all that Mohammedanism has become; for even in this case there has been manifested that curious tendency of religions to thrust forward and deify that which their founders began with repudiating and condemning; but he is in great part responsible, and of all famous books in the world, the Kurán is about the least edify-

Hardy, brave, mean, and wicked a people as the Afghans are, they are great lovers of poetry, and have produced not a little poetry of a high order. They are very fond, at night, round their campfires, of reciting verses, and these verses are usually of a melancholy kind, relating to love, war, the unsatisfactoriness of all earthly enjoyment, and the cruelty of fate. Captain H. G. Raverty has rendered a great service in presenting us with an almost literal translation of the productions of the more famous Afghan poets; \* and these do not at all make the Afghan character more intelligible. When the women of a village ventured to come out to look at me, usually some man with a big stick drove them away with heavy blows, and remarks upon them which even a Rabelais would have hesitated to report; yet the Afghans have romantic ideas of love, and are fond of singing these beautiful lines : -

Say not unto me, "Why swearest thou by me?"

If I swear not by thee, by whom shall I swear?

Thou, indeed, art the very light of mine eyes; This, by those black eyes of thine, I swear !

In this world thou art my life and my soul, And nought else besides; unto thee, my life, I swear!

my mind,

Every hour, every moment, by my God, I swear!

The dust of thy feet is an ointment for the

By this very dust beneath thy feet I swear!

My heart ever yearneth toward thee exceed-

By this very yearning of mine unto thee I

When thou laughest, they are nothing in com-

parison,
Both rubies and pearls—by thy laugh I

Truly I am thy lover, and thine, thine only — And this I, Kushhal, by thy sweet face swear!

Of the despairing melancholy of the Afghan poets it would be easy to quote many instances; but I prefer to give the following example, also translated by Captain Raverty, by a chief of the clan Khattak, of their stirring war-songs : -

From whence hath the spring again returned

Which hath made the country round a garden of flowers?

There are the anemone and sweet basil, the lily, and the thyme;

The jasmine and white rose, the narcissus, and pomegranate blossom.

The wild flowers of spring are manifold, and of every hue;

But the dark-red tulip above them all predominateth,

The maidens place nosegays of flowers in their bosoms;

The youths, too, fasten nosegays of them in their turbans.

Come now, maidens, apply the bow to the violin;

Bring out the tone and melody of every string!

And thou, cup-bearer, bring us full and overflowing cups,

That I may become fraught with wine's inebriety!

The Afghan youths have again dyed red their hands,

Like as the falcon dyeth his talons in the blood of the quarry.

They have made rosy their bright swords with

The tulip-beds have blossomed even in the heat of summer.

Ae-mal Khan and Dar-ya Khan - from death preserve them! -

Were neither of them at fault when opportunity occurred.

<sup>\*</sup> Selections from the Poetry of the Afghans, from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century. Literally translated from the original Pushtao. London, 1862.

They dyed red the valley of Khyber with the does not make a temperature of 100° so

and tumult.

From Karrapah, even unto Bajawar, both plain and mountain, Time after time, as from an earthquake,

quaked and shook.

One day's march from Hoti Mardán, or Murdan, I was handed over to the care of an escort of the Panjáb Guides, a famous regiment which is usually quartered in that fort. Its officers showed great hospitality and kindness, and especially Captain Hutchinson, whom I had met at Hardwar, as also in Kashmir, and whose shooting-expeditions had made him familiar with some of the remotest parts of the Himáliya and with the regions lying to the north of Kashmir. He had just returned from a journey into Gilgit, which he described as exceedingly barren and stony; and his quarters in the fort were adorned with many trophies of the chase, including quite a pile of the skins of the great snow-bear.

Elsewhere, I heard a story of an officer who, on getting leave after a long period of close service, went up and spent his leave at this little remote fort of Hoti Mardán, where he had formerly been stationed. That was adduced as a remarkable instance of English eccentricity; but I can quite appreciate the man's choice. The officers of a crack regiment in an isolated position make very good company; there is excellent sport of various kinds, including hawking, to be had at Mardán; there is just enough of personal danger connected with a residence there to keep one lively; interesting expeditions may be made along or across the frontier; the whole country round is full of important antiquities; and the climate during great part of the year is de-

lightful.

According to the regimental records of temperature for the year 1872, the ther-mometer (in the open air, but in a position sheltered from the sun), had, in the month of January, an extreme range from 27° to 64°, and a mean range from 46° to 52°. In February, the extreme range was from 32° to 73°, and the mean from 48° to 52°. In April, the extreme range was 53° to 91°, and the mean 69° to 82°. The hottest month was June, when the extreme range was 70° to 109°, and the mean 92° to 100°. That sounds very dreadful; but the pure

blood of the foe; On Karrapah, too, they found both war's din the moist regions of the coast, or during the rainy season, in those parts of India which are much exposed to the influence of the southwest monsoon. Evaporation of moisture from the skin and clothes is the great source of coolness in a hot country; and, of course, the drier the air is, the greater the evaporation and consequent coolness, while, the more the air is loaded with moisture, the less is the evaporation from our persons, and the more we become like furnaces surrounded by some non-heat-conducting sub-stance. So early as September, the cli-mate begins to be delightful at Hoti Mardán, the temperature for that month having an extreme range from 57° to 98°, and a mean of from 70° to 80°. After that it rapidly approaches the results given for January, and becomes bracing as well as pleasant.

I went out hawking with the officers one day, and we had some very fine sport, following the birds on horseback, and being much amused by a large black vulture - a pirate bird - which once or twice made its appearance just when the falcon had hunted down its prey, and proceeded to act on the principle of sic vos non vobis, which appears to be one of the fundamental characteristics of organic life. Apart from its cruelty (which need not be expatiated on, seeing that all action we know of involves cruelty) the action of the falcon was very beautiful as it steadily pursued its prey, a species of crane, I think, and swooping down upon it, struck it again and again on the base of the skull, sending out a small cloud of feathers at every stroke, until the brain was laid open and the bird succumbed.

Some of the officers of Fort Mardán did not trouble themselves to carry arms, relying upon their sticks or heavy hunting-whips; but this was unwise. Fort Michni was in sight, and there Major Macdonald had a stick when Behram Khan and the khan's brother went up to him and fired into him with guns from close quarters. A stick becomes a satire in such circumstances. Even arms, however, are not always a sufficient defence from Afghan assassins. Lieutenant Ommaney, a promising young officer in civil employ, was killed in Hoti Mardán by a scoundrel who presented him with a petition to read, and then stabbed him suddenly when the Englishman was engaged in looking over the paper. In this case and excessively dry air of these regions Mr. M'Nab, the acting commissioner of night, rode immediately over from Peshawar to Mardan, a distance of over thirty miles, and had the murderer hanged next morning - possibly without in curbing the hands of the capable ones a very strict regard to legal forms, but in a summary manner, which served to put of the natives of India or in weak pana check, for the time at least, upon what dering to their insaner ambitions. was threatening to become a too common

Afghan amusement.

The Panjáb Guides is a rather peculiar regiment, being composed half of footsoldiers and half of horsemen, most of whom are Afghans, and many from be-yond our border. They are a splendid set of men, and the regiment has always been kept in an admirably effective state. In the "Panjab Mutiny Report," \*it is said that at the outbreak of the great Indian Mutiny "the Guide Corps marched fron Mardán six hours after it got the order, and was at Attok (thirty miles off) next morning, fully equipped for service, 'a worthy beginning,' writes Colonel Edwards, of 'one of the rapidest marches ever made by soldiers; for, it being necessary to give General Anson every available man to attempt the recovery of Delhi, the Guides were not kept for the movable column, but were pushed on to Delhi, a distance of five hundred eighty miles, or thirty regular marches, which they accomplished in twenty-one marches, with only three intervening halts, and these made by order. After thus marching twenty-seven miles a day for three weeks, the Guides reached Delhi on 9th June, and three hours afterwards engaged the enemy hand to hand, every officer being more or less wounded." That shows the splendid state of efficiency in which the Guides were kept. They did something of the same kind in 1872, or the beginning of 1873, when sent to the camp of exercise at Hassan Abdúl, and I doubt not they would do it to-morrow if necessary. This regiment had only about half-a-dozen European officers when I saw it; but then it was pretty well beyond the reach of the so-called philanthropic influences which have weakened and are destroying our position in India. The officers were free to rule their men; and the consequence was, that the soldiers not only looked up to, but liked, and were proud of, their officers. I must repeat emphatically, that ability to rule wisely is the only condition on which we have any right to be in India at all, and that the instant that we depart from that

the district, on hearing of the affair at | ground, trouble and disaster commence, whatever the character of that departure may be - whether it consist in having inferior English agents in the country or - whether in stupid want of appreciation

Hoti Mardán, as well as the whole northern portion of our trans-Indus territory, is associated with the name of a very extraordinary man - General John Nicholson, who was mortally wounded at the siege of Delhi. No Englishman, at least of late years, appears to have left so powerful a personal impression upon the Afghan mind. I found it to be quite true that the Patháns of our district believe that they hear the hoofs of Nicholson's horse ringing over the trans-Indus plain at night, and that that country shall never pass from our possession so long as these sounds are heard. In the institute at Delhi there is an oil-painting of him which was made after his death, partly from a small sketch and partly from memory. It represents him as having had a long head and face, with dark hair, and a very finely-formed white forehead. In some respects it reminded me of the portrait of Sir Harry Vane in Ham House, and suggested more a man of contemplation than of action; but that is not an unfrequent characteristic in the countenances of great soldiers.

One of Nicholson's most splendid achievements was performed near this fort of Hoti Mardán. He was deputy-commissioner of the district at the time of the outbreak of the Mutiny, when matters were in a most critical position, and the disaffected native soldiers were urged to move by the Hindústhani sepoys below, and were in correspondence with the Afghan and other fanatics of Swat and Sitana. If the Panjáb saved India, it was our trans-Indus district, which was the most dangerous in the Panjáb, and it was John Nicholson, more emphatically than any other man, who saved our trans-Indus possession. The place of the Panjab Guides, when they were despatched to Delhi, was taken by the 55th Native Infantry and the 10th Irregular Cavalry, the first of which threatened to murder their officers, and the second to "roast" the civil officer of the station. A very small force was sent to Mardán to deal with them, and it was accompanied. by Nicholson as political officer, and, on its approach, the 55th Regiment broke and took to the hills. It was in the end

<sup>\*</sup> Lahore, 1859; para. 140.

of the month of May, and he had been twenty hours in the saddle, under a burning sun, and had ridden seventy miles that day; but, without a moment's hesitation, he "hurled himself on the fugitives with a handful of police sowars," and did such fearful execution that 150 of them were laid dead on the line of retreat, 150 surrendered, and the greater number of those who escaped up the hills were wounded. The moral effect of this, just when everything was hanging in the balance, cannot be overestimated. The tide of mutiny had rolled up almost unchecked until it broke upon this rock.

It has been well said that, at the outbreak of the Mutiny, the valley of Pesháwar stood in "a ring of repressed hos-tilities," while beyond that lay the chronically hostile kingdom of Kaubul. The military forces in this valley consisted of 2,800 Europeans and eight thousand native soldiers of all arms; and when the intelligence of the events at Delhi and Meerut reached Pesháwar, most of the native soldiers became ripe for mutiny. It has often been alleged that the sepoys took no part in the atrocities of this dreadful time, and that these were committed only by released felons and other bad characters; but in the "Panjáb Mutiny Report" it is stated (para. 145) that at Pesháwar, in May 1857, "the most rancorous and seditious letters had been intercepted from Mohammedan bigots in Patna and Thaneysur, to soldiers of the 64th Native Infantry, revelling in the atrocities that had been committed in Hindústhan on the men, women and children of the 'Nazarenes,' and sending them messages from their own mothers that they should emulate these deeds." Communications also were going on between the sepoys in open rebellion and their brethren across the frontier. was most fortunate that at this juncture Sir Sydney Cotton ordered the disarmament of his native troops; and there is reason to believe that Nicholson had great influence in leading him to do so; but how did he come to do so? The "Mutiny Report" mentions that "this measure was determined on under the strenuous opposition of the condemned corps; some had 'implicit confidence' in their regiment; others advocated 'conciliation." Of these infatuated old Indians, who have their counterparts at the present day, one colonel shot himself when his regiment, the 99th, revolted, so much did he feel the disgrace.

\* See Panjáb Mutiny Report, para. 151.

Pesháwar is a very interesting place; and though the acting commissioner, Mr. M'Nab, was absent on the border, I had met with him at Mardán, and received much information and great kindness from him as well as from Major Ommaney, another civil officer, as also from Mr. Hughes of the Church Mission. Mr. Ward, the superintendent of police, ac-companied me up the Khyber Pass, near to Ali Musjid, the first camping-ground on the way to Kaubul. This is managed through the Afridis, or Afreedees, of the fort of Jumrood, which stands on the sort of no man's land - the desolate strip between our territory and that of Kaubul. The Khyberis are a rapacious and sanguinary lot, and it does not do to enter their territory without protection of some kind. They even annoyed Sher Ali, the ruler of Kaubul, on his return from visiting Lord Mayo in 1869; and when I was at Peshawar the Khyber route into Afghanistan was entirely closed, owing to the exactions practised on travellers by the tribes who occupy it. More recently some of these people came down to Peshawar one night by stealth, and carried off into their fastnesses the bandmaster of an English, or perhaps a Scotch, regiment, who had fallen asleep by the roadside on his way from the sergeants' mess to his own quarters, and held him to ransom for £700, but were finally induced to accept a smaller sum.

So thirty-five of the armed Afridis and one piper marched with me up the Khyber Pass, " to plunder and to ravish," no doubt, if there had been anything to plunder. We saw some caves high above the place where we stopped for breakfast, but none of the natives of the pass appeared. We then had a shooting-match, in which even little boys, who carried matchlock and dagger, acquitted themselves very well, played our most insulting tunes in the face, or rather against the back, of the enemy, - and marched back again. The pass is so narrow, and the mountains on both sides of it are so high and precipitous, that the Khyber must be a particularly unpleasant place to be attacked in. The entire length of this wonderful gorge is nearly fifty miles; it runs through slate, limestone, and sandstone; and in wet weather the path becomes the bed of a torrent. Near Ali Musjid the precipices rise from this narrow path to the height of twelve hundred feet, at an angle of about 80°. wild pass is said to be able to turn out twenty-six thousand fighting men, and

during the Afghan war many of our

troops perished in it.

But I must now draw these papers to a close. From Pesháwar there was only snowy summits of the giant mountains whose whole line I had traversed in their central and loftiest valleys. The next snow I beheld was on the peak of Cretan Ida; but I had seen the great Abode of the Gods, where,

Far in the east HIMALAYA lifting high His towery summits till they cleave the sky, Spans the wide land from east to western sea, Lord of the hills, instinct with Deity.

> From Blackwood's Magazine. THE DILEMMA.

## CHAPTER XL

NEXT morning was the first of the racemeeting, and Yorke, who had never seen any races in India, or indeed anywhere else, would fain have been present, but duty forbade. Devotion must have a final canter, and moreover Spragge had discovered hard by a neighbouring village a wall almost a facsimile of that put up on the course, stiffer if anything, but with a good take-off. "The very thing to practise the little horse at; he'll do everything else all right enough, the game little beggar! but there is no saying how he might behave if he came across a new kind of jump for the first time. Nothing like practice." And accordingly, while all the rest of the station were driving down to the race-course, which was at the extreme end of the station, on the flank of the native-cavalry parade, Yorke and Spragge (for the good-natured fellow had given up the races to accompany his friend) cantered across the plain in the other direction in quest of the exemplar form of enclosure in those parts. out touching.

"Bravo!" called out Jerry to his friend on the other side; "four feet six, if it's an inch, and looks five, and that one on the course is barely as much. Well done, again!" he cried, as Yorke, cantering the long drive across the Panjab to La-hore, and from Lahore the railway to Bombay. This was in the end of De-cember; and all across the country of sure, and he not fourteen three! If the the five rivers, afar off, high above the pace does not get forced too much, but golden dust-haze, there gleamed the he has time to take his fences quietly, I don't believe there's one of them can come near him. Now then, Arty, pop him over just once more and back again, so that he may know what a mud wall is like when he sees it, and then that will be enough for the old boy." Which feat accomplished, and the grey having had his gallop in a circuit over the neighbouring fields of young corn, while Spragge looked on approvingly, the two young officers returned slowly home. "Oh, by Jove!" said Spragge, "I wish I weighed a stone less than you, Arty, then you'd have to let me ride, instead of you; but these long legs of mine will never be of any use for racing," he continued, looking down ruefully at the members referred to, which indeed the diminutive pony he bestrode barely kept from touching the ground.

Yorke had the satisfaction of hearing casually at mess that evening that the commissioner and his daughter were not at the morning's races, but were expected

to be present the next day.

At last came the eventful morning, with a sky cloudless as usual at that season of the year, and a pleasant fresh air, although it was the middle of February, so that overcoats and shawls came not amiss at first to the occupants of the grand stand. A few of the spectators were on horseback, being thus able to see the start for the short races, and by cutting across to come in at the finish; but the majority took up their places in the grand stand, sheltered by the roof and by a clump of trees on one side from the rays of the rising sun. That spacious edifice, which could accommodate a hundred persons with ease, yet was pretty full on this which the latter had discovered, a rare occasion, was raised on pillars a few feet In above the ground, with space underneath truth, in the early morning, with no for the scales and for the servants enhounds to follow or excitement of any gaged in making tea for the ladies. A sort, it looked a formidable thing to face. small space on the left enclosed by hur-Yorke, however, did not stop to think, but dles was reserved as a paddock for the cantered straight at it; and the little stewards and jockeys and for the sadhorse, feeling the rider's purpose in his firm hand and steady grip, swerved not to right or left, but cleared the wall withpresent, the men on foot, the sergeants

on troopers; there was also a sprinkling | neck. Can this be mere coincidence? of sepoys in their white mufti, and some two or three hundred of the lower orders from the bazaar, camp-followers for the most part, attracted for the nonce by the new kind of race - all grave and stolid, and for the most part silent; but it is not easy to be jovial at six in the morning. Yorke, his riding-dress concealed by a long overcoat belonging to his chum, rode down on the pony of the latter, who himself trudged on foot, the horse "Devotion," led by the native groom, following, his tail cut square, his mane plaited, and covered by a regular suit of clothing on which a job-tailor had been at work for the past week seated on the floor of their veranda, the stuff having been bought from a local pedlar — the horse altogether, as Mr. Spragge observed, "looking a regular bang-up racer, and as good as he looks.

Yorke, leaving the groom to lead the horse up and down among the trees in the rear (Jerry rushing out every minute from the front to see that the operation was properly conducted), takes up his place at first in the enclosure, and leaning over the hurdle, looks up sideways at the front row of spectators in the stand. They are chiefly ladies, the gentlemen for the most part standing on the seats behind; but the one face he is in search of is not there, and he thinks with a sinking heart that the object for which he has made this venture has eluded him, when the sound of carriage-wheels is heard at the back of the stand, and Yorke sees from his vantage-ground the heads of the commissioner's mounted orderlies. The view is otherwise interrupted by people and pillars intervening; but presently there is a slight stir among the occupants of the stand, and room is made for Miss Cunningham, who takes her place in the front row beside Mrs. Polwheedle; and while greetings are exchanged with the other ladies, Yorke thinks how the latter seem to sink into utter insignificance beside this peerless creature. He notes, too, that while the appearance of the other ladies is generally suggestive of hurried rising, and further attention to the hair and person on their return home, Miss Cunningham's toilet, though perfectly simple, seems as complete and finished in its way as it might be if she were dressed for Ascot. And see, her pretty little hat, it is trimmed with blue, and day: there is a blue ribbon round her slender

But while he stands wondering how his colours can have become known, the young lady looking down, recognizes and greets him with a gracious bow and smile, news that the sahibs were going to have a in which the young man thinks he can read sympathy and encouragement - encouragement for the impending event and also for the future. He feels his colour come and go, and his heart beats high as he lifts his hat and bows in reply, feeling, too, that the eyes of all the ladies in the front row are on him, and his first impulse is to make his way to the stand and express his gratitude; but how to push his way through its occupants to the front row? and how find fitting words before so many people? Abandoning this idea, therefore, as soon as conceived, he retires to the back of the enclosure to have a final look at the grey before the saddling-time comes.

"There's young Yorke of the native infantry," observed Mrs. Polwheedle, as she noticed Miss Cunningham's bow; "he's got a horse in for the steeplechase, of all people. I shouldn't have thought he was one of the sort for that kind of thing; but these subs are a harum-scar-

um lot."

"Colonel Falkland says that Mr. Yorke is a very good rider, and I am sure there is nothing harum-scarum about him," replied the young lady.

"Oh no, that's just it; young Yorke always looks as if he couldn't say bo to a goose; and that's what surprised me so, his going in for this steeplechase."

"If he fails in that accomplishment it is not for want of opportunity-Then the young lady stopped; for as Mrs. Polwheedle's voice was not of the lowest, she became conscious of acting as Yorke's champion before all the occu-

pants of the stand.

The sport provided on this morning was unusually good, there being as many as four events on the card, besides the steeplechase, which was last on the list, and by general consent the most interesting of all; for, besides the exciting nature of the contest in itself, it possessed the additional attraction of there being no less than six entries, whereas for no other race had there been more than three competitors.

The particulars of the competition may be best described by copying the following extract from the card of the

The Grand Mustaphabad Steeplechase. A cup value Rs. 500, presented by Rs. 50, half forfeit. Open to all horses Colonel Tartar, — Hussars, with a sweepstakes of Rs. 50, half forfeit. bona fide the property of residents at Mustaphabad. Catch-weights. New steeplechasecourse, about two miles and a half.

1. Mr. Lunge's, — Hussars, 2. Mr. Scurry's, — Hussars,

3. Mr. Chupkin's, 19th Irreg. Cav., Br. C. B. Mare Laura, 4. Mr. Stride's, H. A.,

The Confederates 5. The Conjections, 6. Mr. Yorke's, 76th N. I., B. Cape H. Veteran, Ch. A. H. Roostum,

B. S. B. H. Sentry, Br. Austr. Mare, Maid Marian, G. C. B. H. Devotion,

Mr. Gowett. Owner. Owner. Owner. Mr. Egan. Owner.

hussars, and had already won two flat all strong and serviceable. races at the meeting with horses belonging to officers of the regiment. Egan, also, in whose selection of the Indian army for his profession Newmarket and the home-ring had sustained an irreparable loss, had carried off more than one event for a sporting indigo-planter, who it was rumoured paid him a handsome commission thereon, and now appeared for the first time on the mysterious mare entered as Maid Marian, a ragged-hipped animal of undeniable blood and power, but with bent knees, and back sinews concealed from view by elastic stockings. Maid Marian, who seemed to walk lame, took her preliminary canter in very stiff fashion, suggestive of age and hard work, but went over the first fence in very business-like style. Mr. Egan himself, a slight sallow little fellow, with smooth face and a small scrubby moustache, who always made appearance a secondary consideration to business, was brown cords and ancient top-boots, but looked, as to style of riding, every inch a jockey. "It's legs and arms that do the business," he observed to Mr. Sniffers of his regiment, when that gentleman had attempted to banter him on his personal appearance; "not what's outside of 'em. I'll tell you what, Sniff, I'll give you two stone over a mile for anything you like to name, and you shall wear silk tights and pumps, if you like," - an offer which his brother officer declined to close with. All the rest were got up in regular racing-trim, except Chupkin, who had a wife to dress as well as himself, and therefore with virtuous self-denial rode in his regimental jackboots. Mr. Scurry was especially splendid in scarlet with a white cap, and polished tops just arrived from England. Yorke's colours were blue. The young races, while the same winning-post served man, in view of a certain promissory note for both. Thus the flat course interrapidly maturing, had prudently refrained | vened between the stand and the straight

Mr. Gowett was the light weight of the | new girths, stirrup-leathers, and bridle,

Mr. Scurry's Roostum, as has been mentioned, was a hot favourite at the race-ordinary two days before; but the circumstance that this sporting young gentleman had lost both the races ridden by him on two different horses on the first day, compared with the obvious skill and address displayed by Messrs. Gowett and Egan, had depreciated Roostum in public estimation, and Veteran, a winner of the previous day, was now first favourite, with Maid Marian in close attendance; for although nothing was known about the antecedents of the latter animal, it was generally understood that Mr. Egan and his confederate knew what they were about. Nevertheless, when Mr. Scurry rode Roostum out of the paddock, the beauty of the horse and its unusual size for an Arab, contrasted with the gummy appearance of the mare and Mr. Lunge's ancient charger, led to a reaction of feeling, more especially as attired in a brown garment resembling a Roostum, although very fresh and imdecayed stable-jacket, with serviceable petuous, and almost unseating his rider in his efforts to get his head loose, nevertheless cleared the first fence in his preliminary canter like a deer; and before it returned to the starting-post the chestnut Arab was almost restored to its position in public estimation. The ladies, at any rate, were entirely in favour of the pretty creature with the smart jockey, as it bounded along with the springy action peculiar to Arabs, tossing its shapely neck, and ready to jump out of its skin.

The steeplechase-course extended beyond the circumference of the ordinary race-course, which it left at the quartermile post out and rejoined again at the distance-post, the run in being parallel to and inside the flat course, so that the fences could be set up beforehand without interfering with the previous flat from investing in a new saddle for the part of the steeplechase-course; but as occasion, but had supplied himself with the former was only wide enough for

the spectators would have as close a the mud wall, with a little grip on the further side from which the material to build it had been taken; then another hedge; then a hedge with a small ditch beyond; then two more hedges or hurdles; lastly the water-jump, the only really stiff thing in the course - a low bank topped with a hedge, and a wet and broad ditch beyond. This was about fitty yards short of the grand stand and winning-post, so that the horse first over would probably win. The ditch was in fact only a shallow trench about eighteen inches deep, but which might have been eighteen feet from the look of the thing, although to retain it even at that depth in the sandy soil involved a constant supply of water, and the station water-carts were at work up to the last moment before the race. The course, sparsely covered with grass, was perfectly level throughout, and the fences standing up naked on the plain seemed calculated to invite the horses on the outside to swerve to the right or left.

And now the six horses having taken their preliminary canter, including the conventional leap over the first fence and back again, have come back to the starting-post opposite the stand, with their backs to the wet ditch; and all except Roostum being perfectly steady, the start is soon effected, and away they go at the signal, a little cloud of dust rising from Chestnut horses, and estheir hoofs. pecially chestnut Arabs, are proverbially impetuous, and the noble Roostum was no exception to the rule. He was hard to hold when going alone; but the clatter onds he breaks away at full speed, nose plechasing; Roostum crashes through the first fence without attempting to rise to it, tearing a gap about thirty feet wide, second in the same way; but this mode win. But here fortune comes to the of dealing with the wall is not equally rescue; the last hedge had been put up

about half-a-dozen horses to run abreast, successful. Charging that in the same blind way, the gallant chestnut rolls over view of the scene as could be desired. heavily on the other side, shooting his The direction of the running was from rider still further forward. Fortunitely right to left, or in the opposite order to the race committee, with considerate the movement of the hands of a clock, forethought, had ploughed up the light and there were altogether nine jumps; soil beyond the wall, so that Mr. Scurry first, a couple of hedges, which were in sustains no serious injury, although unfact hurdles covered with bushes; then able to proceed with the race; and he. has left the others so much behind that they have time to avoid riding over him as they clear the wall, which they all do except Sentry, whose rider taking the on either side; then a ditch with a bank outside, goes so temptingly close to the end of the obstacle that the horse swerving evades it altogether, and Mr. Stride, after two or three ineffectual efforts to made him face it again, is forced to give

The competitors are now reduced to four. Veteran takes up the running, and although not going the pace with which Scurry led off, Mr. Gowett is evidently trying to cut the others down. Next comes Chupkin on Laure, which had blundered at the wall, although getting over safely; next our friend Yorke; Egan bringing up the rear some way behind. So far Yorke feels that he has got along well; the pace is faster than he expected, but the little grey took the wall beautifully. The next fence, another covered hurdle, is a mere joke for all the horses. The double ditch and hedge is more formidable, but again they all get over. Next comes the ditch and bank, and Mr. Gowett pulling up Veteran to an easy canter, the old horse jumps cleverly on to the bank and down the other side. Chupkin, who goes at it full gallop, is less fortunate; his horse blunders at the top and falls: again the friendly plough averts further disaster.

Yorke cannot afford to pull up for the ditch and bank, lest Gowett should be left with too long a lead, so drives the grey at it, who clears the jump in his stride, thereby gaining considerably on Veteran. The mare also gets over all of five other horses galloping alongside right, and the three are then left in the is altogether too much, and in a few sec- race. There now remain only two hedges and the water-jump; but the old horse high in air, his rider lying back in the still leads by some lengths, and Yorke saddle and in vain trying to hold him in. knows that as far as galloping goes his This attitude is not favourable for stee- own has no chance against it. Egan also seems to have played a waiting game too long; he has been creeping up latterly, but is still some distance behind; there through which the others follow at a more is only a quarter of a mile left, and if leisurely pace, and he gets through the Veteran gets over his jumps he must just at the point where the steeplechase- quietly by, recovering its breath. "Little course joined the other, and Veteran, nag's all right too, I do believe," said which had been running in a flat race the day before, suddenly swerves, and despite all Mr. Gowett's efforts, turns into the flat-race course, and gallops past the stand on the wrong side of the rails.

Yorke is now left in front with only one competitor against him, and for the first time there rises up within him the distinct hope of victory. But the old mare is drawing close; her stiffness is wearing off as she warms up with work; Yorke must keep ahead as far as the water-jump if he is to win. So feeling

he presses his horse on.

Now it is not galloping but really racing pace, and, novice though he is at the work, he feels that his horse is not going well within himself; his stride has lost its spring, there is no longer any pull on the reins. He failed to clear the last hedge properly, but brushed through the top, and every yard since he has been going worse. The little horse is done. Now the last and biggest jump of all is close in front, and Yorke would fain have taken a pull on his horse and brought him up to it quietly. But there is no time to do this; glancing round he sees Egan riding coolly a bare two lengths behind. There is nothing for it but to cram on, and spurring Devotion, he drives him as hard as he can at the ob-The game little horse rises at it, clears the fence, but fails to clear the ditch, and coming down with his forefeet against the further side, rolls over heavily, discharging his rider beyond, where he lies stunned and motionless, while the mare, coming over safely a second afterwards, canters in a winner.

There was a rush of spectators to the scene of the accident, but almost before they could reach him Yorke had recovered his senses, though puzzled at first to know why he should be looking up at the sky with the fence behind him. He had in fact alighted on his head, turning a somersault as well as his horse. Spragge and Colonel Falkland were kneeling over him, and others ready to help, including all the medical officers on the ground; but in a minute or two he was able to stand up, and very soon, refreshed by the brandy-and-water of a ful face before him, he felt as if the fracthoughtful contributor, to walk toward the stand, while the sympathetic Spragge, as soon as he saw his friend recovered, turned his attention to Devotion, which

Jerry, patting the horse affectionately, and loosening the saddle-girths; "it was a cropper too, and no mistake: there's a good bit of hair wanting from the off knee, though," he added, rubbing the part affected tenderly, "but it ain't deep; daresay we shall be able to get on your skin again, old man;" and so saying, led the gallant grey back to the saddling-enclosure.

"Your horse only wanted a little more blood to make a finish of it," said Colonel Falkland, in his pleasant low voice as he led Yorke back leaning on his arm; "the course was just half a mile too long for you; but at any rate you are the first man who ever rode a Cabulee in a steeplechase, so you have done something to be proud of."

"Here is a lady who wants to see you," said the commissioner, meeting them, "to make sure you are really not hurt, and led him to the back of the stand, where stood Miss Cunningham at the top of the steps, waiting to meet him, pale and anxious.

As he advanced she ran down to meet him, holding out her hand, and led him up the stairs. At the top was a sort of landing-place with two or three chairs. The young lady, still holding his hand,

almost pushed him into one.

"But I assure you I am quite able to stand," said Yorke, looking up with a smile at the anxious face above his; "I really feel ashamed to be sitting like this

while you are standing.

"Oh, but please do," said the young lady, earnestly, "to oblige me, at any rate;" and her voice, always rich and tremulous, reflected now the emotion she felt, and thrilled through the young man's heart. "Papa," she continued, "we must drive Mr. Yorke home - won't you call the carriage?"

"No, no; keep your seat," said the commissioner to Yorke, descending the steps, and stopping him as he rose to execute the order; "I'll bring up the carriage in a moment; you stay here and let my daughter take care of you."

Take care of him! As the young man sat in his chair, looking up at the beautiture of every bone in his body would have been a cheap price to give for so much happiness. Another moment and he thought he must have fallen at her feet to had picked itself up and was standing express in some form the outpouring of wheedle and some other ladies emerged

from the back of the stand.

"Oh, here is our gallant rider, safe and sound!" she exclaimed. "Colonel Tartar says you rode really very well, so you ought to feel proud; but upon my word you gave us ladies a regular fright. I declare I thought I should have fainted. You might have heard me scream right men ought to be more careful and not ride in this harum-scarum way."

"Here is the carriage, Olivia," called out the commissioner from the bottom of the steps; and almost before he knew how it happened, Yorke found himself driving away by the side of Mr. Cunningtaking the back seat, sitting opposite

"Knew the old girl would do the trick, if she didn't founder in the middle of the race," observed M'Intyre to Egan, as the two were engaged in bandaging Maid Marian's legs under a tree behind the

stand.

"It's about the last job she's good for though, I expect," replied Egan, who now, his work accomplished, was refreshing himself with a No. I cheroot. "I felt uncommon nervous at starting, for she was as lame as a tree, but she got all right when she warmed up."

"I was in a funk too, I can tell you," replied the other, "when I saw Yorke going so well at the finish. It would have been uncommon awkward if he hadn't come to

grief."

"Awkward! bless you, I could have passed him at any time; it was Gowett who had the race if the old horse hadn't bolted. I didn't think he could have gone such a bat. But Yorke would have done well if he had had something better under him. I didn't think he could ride like that; "I always thought him a

muff."

"There, old lady," continued Mr. Egan, the bandaging completed, apostrophizing the winner, "now you'll do for the pres-It don't much matter, though, if you have to be shot to-morrow; you have done our job for us this time at any rate." And, indeed, each of these gentlemen had won what is called a hatful on the transactions of the meeting - enough to ena-Nor was the result wonderful when the back, would be waiting breakfast for rumour now floating about the course them. Well, then, pleaded Yorke, they

his heart, but at that instant Mrs. Pol- was confirmed, due to the observation of a chance visitor from Bengal who happened to be present, that Maid Marian was no other than the celebrated Miranda, changed only by time and in name, winner of everything she had run for at Calcutta and Sonepore about eight years before, and which, after retiring from the turf, and thence running a downward career of hunter and hack, culminating in across the course. Really you young the inglorious office of drawing the deputycollector of Hajeepore daily to and from cutchery in his buggy, and the deputycollector's family for their evening airing in a palanquin carriage, had emerged from her retirement to earn one more victory - an event brought about by the circumstance of Mr. M'Intyre having chanced ham, with his daughter, who insisted on to pay a visit to his uncle, the judge of Hajeepore, during the previous cold season, and discovering there the old animal's retreat.

## CHAPTER XII.

YORKE felt as if in a trance as he drove away from the race-course, sitting opposite to Miss Cunningham in the carriage he had been accustomed to view reverentially from a distance as if the chariot of a goddess; and when the young lady, declaring that he would catch cold in his thin silk jacket, insisted on wrapping her spare shawl over his shoulders, even the presence of the commissioner and the mounted orderlies behind could hardly restrain him from seizing one of the slender hands which performed the office and carrying it to his lips. Withal he could not help feeling a sense of the incongruity of his position. Had he broken a couple of legs there might have been some excuse; but when, in fact, there was nothing the matter with him, was he not an impostor to allow himself to be petted in this way? Still it was inexpressibly delightful.

It seemed as if hardly a few seconds had passed when the swift-trotting horses turned off the road, through the hole in the mud wall which did duty for a gateway, and were pulled up before the veranda of Yorke's bungalow. Must then this vision of paradise end so quickly? Then a sudden fit of boldness seized the young man. It was getting late, and they had still a long way to go; would not Mr. and Miss Cunningham stop and breakble them to take up all their promissory fast? The commissioner said something notes, and to keep them clear of the about having to be early in court, and court of requests for some time to come. that Colonel Falkland, who was to ride

carriage, jockey-cap in hand, Miss Cunwhile she looked at her father as if seconding the request, that the good-natured commissioner agreed to stop for a few minutes, and the little party entered

the bungalow.

A qualm of doubt shot across Yorke's mind as to the state in which the bungalow might be, and lest the table-attendant might appear clothed in the dirty calico drawers and scull-cap which formed his ordinary costume while preparing breakfast for the establishment; but that worthy having espied the carriage and outriders from the little shed on the borders of the garden which did duty for kitchen, donned his tunic, waist-belt, and turban of white with a quick appreciation of the position, and came running up to make his salaam; fortunately, too, the joint valet of the establishment had already dusted and arranged the sittingroom. It was a simple apartment enough, and might have been taken for the type of many similar ones to be found scattered over India. A room about twenty feet square, with whitewashed walls, and a whitewashed ceiling-cloth concealing the thatched roof, entered from the little verandah by a door in the middle of one side. This verandah, supported on wooden posts, was equipped with a pair of cane-backed lolling-chairs with projecsuspended one above the other in a bam- and cheerful. boo frame did duty as a water-fi:ter; sundry empty boxes of beer and soda-Spragge, was nursing in a basket a family of puppies. A talking mina in a cage, and a rat-trap, completed the adornments | luxury, you see." of this veranda. In the centre of the sitting-room was a camp-table, whereon was set out the breakfast-equipage on a passably white cloth. In one corner stood Spragge's writing-table, also susceptible of being folded up and carried on a camel, and therefore not furnished with drawers; failing which, Mr. Spragge's correspondence and business papers were distributed on the top, for the most pen stumps. Another camp-table sacred use too - Napier, Jomini, Cæsar, Arrian VOL. XI. 540 LIVING AGE.

must at least have a cup of tea before to Yorke's affairs presented a more going on; and he made his request so orderly arrangement. For ornament the earnestly, standing at the steps of the walls were decorated with a couple of boar-spears placed crosswise, a couple of ningham's shawl still over his shoulders, fowling-pieces with cleaning rods and appurtenances, and a modest assortment of hunting-whips and walking-canes. There were also a couple of coloured engravings, each representing a female figure with low dress held on by no particular fastening, and kept up in apparent defiance of the laws of gravity, spotless bare feet, and simpering face, entitled respectively Spring and Summer: works of art purchased by Mr. Spragge at an auction, and accepted by him as representing the most refined type of female beauty, but now somewhat spotted and discoloured by the damp of successive rainy seasons. There was also the punkah, which had remained hanging during the cold season, and now drooped more at one end than the other by reason of partial decay of the suspending ropes. A hanging book-shelf completed the inventory. The open doors right and left, communicating with the owners' respective bedrooms, showed that the rest of the bungalow was furnished in the same simple fashion. Each room contained a camp-bed, a chair, a chest of drawers, the top of which garnished with spurs did duty for a dressing-table, and a couple of bullock trunks, with a row of boots and shoes arrayed against the wall. Add an absence of curtains, save some of rushes before the glass doors to keep tions for resting the legs upon. A door out the flies and sparrows, and a bright on the opposite side opened into a simi- Indian sun reflected within, and the lar verandah, where three earthen jars abode, if unadorned and simple, was light

"You see here another phase of Indian life," said Yorke, while the order for water were piled against the wall; tea - given not without a qualm lest the while a bull-terrier, the property of Mr. establishment should prove unable to produce a third tea-cup - was in course of execution; "all is not splendour and

" A soldier's habits ought to be simple," said Miss Cunningham, looking round the room; "and in these days of luxury and self-indulgence, don't you think it is simplicity which is to be admired rather than furniture and knickknacks?" as she asked the question with her earnest voice, Yorke felt that henceforth the life of a faqueer should be his highest ideal. "But I see you have the best of part muster-rolls, company-returns, and turniture," she continued, pointing with tradesmen's bills, mixed up with a loose her parasol to the little book-case; and cheroot or two and some discarded quill- then going nearer to it, added, "all for

Homer (I am glad you find a little room | for poets among all these learned people), 'Military Surveying,' 'Mathematics for Practical Men.' Ah! if some one would only write a book of mathematics for unpractical women! Colonel Falkland said you were very studious; but it must be hard to read all these dry books in this climate. Already I feel it almost impossible sometimes to do anything useful, and they say this heat is nothing to what is coming by-and-by."

"These books belong most of them to Captain Braddon of my regiment. He was on the staff for many years, you know, and has a regular library. If the days are hot sometimes they are long enough for anything. The real difficulty ought to be, not reading books, but procuring them; but the best of us are sadly idle fellows, I am afraid."

"And here is the Blue-book, too, on the Crimean war," observed the commissioner, taking it up, and immediately becoming absorbed in its contents.

Then Yorke had the young lady to himself for a few sweet minutes, while he showed her Spragge's puppies and the talking mina, till the tea was brought, and the party sat down to partake of it, Yorke bringing a third chair from his bedroom, and still in his jockey-dress, which he would fain have changed, for the wearing of it seemed to invite continued attention to his feats and his fall, but that he recollected that the bedroom door could not be got to close; moreover, he grudged the time, and indeed the moments flew away only too quickly - for, the tea consumed, the commissioner was urgent to be going, Miss Cunningham too pleading as an excuse for hurrying away that Colonel Falkland would be waiting breakfast; and it seemed hardly five minutes before they were again in their carriage. And then he held Miss Cunningham's hand for a moment in his own, while she, looking into his face with her dark eyes, for the last time expressed in earnest tones her hope that he would not suffer from the effects of his accident; and then the carriage with the two orderlies behind was soon whirled away out of sight, leaving the young man standing on the steps of the veranda, his regret at their departure more than counterbalanced for the moment by the elation which their visit had caused. What if this visit should be the forerunner of happiness to come? Miss Cunningham sitting under his roof, and without the commissioner, and sharing not only his tea, but everything else. on works of art seem almost fabulous.

How pointedly she had declared for simplicity! Well, his future house should be better than this, and yet be still simple and modest in comparison with what

she was accustomed to.

Yorke's rise in public estimation in consequence of his performances was sufficiently indicated by his receiving in the forenoon an invitation to dine with Colonel Tartar the following evening at the hussar mess, where he sat next his host, with Major Winge on the other side, Gowett and Scurry, who were loud enough elsewhere, talking in subdued tones at the end of the table; and afterwards took a hand at sixpenny whist with the colonel, the doctor of the regiment, and the major; for Colonel Tartar, although not averse to an occasional bet in public, discouraged high play in his own mess-room.

> From Blackwood's Magazine. IN A STUDIO.

BY W. W. STORY.

Mallett. Julius Cæsar was a far more generous patron of painting. He bought of Timomachus, the painter of Athens, two figures, one representing Ajax and the other Medea, which he placed in the temple of Venus Genetrix, for which he paid eighty Attic talents, or £20,000. This is a handsome sum when one thinks that each picture only represented a single

Belton. Who would have supposed the great first Cæsar was such a lover and patron of art? We never think of him in this relation, but rather as the great

soldier and statesman.

Mallett. All the emperors or nearly all were devoted to art. And some of them, as Hadrian and Nero, you remember, were artists themselves. Art was a part of their education, as it was of every highborn Roman or Greek. The Fabii, clarissimæ gentis, had the cognomen of Pictor, derived from the chief of the family who painted the Temple of Health in 450 U.C.; and this painting existed in the time of Pliny. We may also mention among others Cicero and Hortensius, Marcus Agrippa, Crassus, Titus Petro-We may also mention nius, and more than all, Marcus Scaurus, and Lucius, and Marcus Lucuilus, who were all liberal patrons and lovers of art. The sums which were spent by the latter

the Romans, many of whom were enormously rich, could spend large sums on art; but what surprises me is to hear that the Greeks also quite equalled them in the sums they expended on paintings and statues

Mallett. They certainly do not seem to have fallen below them. I have found my list at last, and this will prompt my memory,-and I will pick out some of the items for you. Apelles, I find, received twenty talents in gold, or £5,000, for a portrait of Alexander wielding a thunderbolt, which he painted on the walls of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. He was a high-minded, generous man, and his conduct towards Protogenes, a fellow-painter of Rhodes, always particularly pleased me, as showing a spirit above envy and jealousy. The Rhodi-Protogenes, as is so often the case with them who grow up familiarly among us. A painter as well as a prophet has often little honour in his own country until he Protogenes was a is valued abroad. striking example of this. In the early part of his career his patrons were few, and he was forced to set a small price on his work. But Apelles when on a visit to Rhodes went to see him and was so struck by his pictures, that he at once offered him fifty talents apiece, or £,12,500, for those he had in his studio. Protogenes gladly accepted it; and as soon as the report spread that the great painter had given this price, the Rhodians besieged him to purchase them back from him. But Apelles rebuked them for their treatment of Protogenes, and refused to surrender them except at an advanced price, saying they were worth far more than he had been able to give. From that time forward the fortune of Protogenes was made.

Belton. That was a noble act, which deserves to be remembered, and told when the jealousies of artists are commented on. It gives one a notion of the wealth of the great artists too. There are very few of us now who could afford to do so generous an act, however we might desire to do it.

Mallett. Polygnotus was another of those artist-princes of Greece. He paint- dens, libraries, and porticos - one pored at Athens the porch called the Poe- tion of which, the Pantheon, "pride of cile, refusing to receive any remunera- Rome," as Byron calls it, still remains. tion therefor. And the Amphictyons or Though a man of enormous wealth as public council of Greece, unwilling to be well as of great distinction, not only for outdone in generosity, made him the his public services in war, but also from guest of the State, and bestowed upon being allied to the imperial family by his

Belton. One better understands how him his house and maintenance at the public expense. Here, too, I find a statement which gives us an idea of the value attached to pictures by the old Greeks. Plutarch relates that Aratus being desirous to make a present to Ptolemy, sent him some old pictures by Melanthus and Pamphilus; and in recompense for them Ptolemy sent in return one hundred and fifty talents, which if they were merely Attic talents, amounted to some £37,500.

Belton. Pray go on with your list.

Mallett. I am afraid I have exhausted my list of pictures the prices of which are stated in talents. One cannot say whether the talent of Attica or Ægineta is intended when they are spoken of; but as I have taken the lesser Attic talent, we may be sure that we have not overestimated the prices. The sums paid for ans at first made very little account of the other pictures of which I have made notes are all stated in sesterces. Unfortunately the signs employed by the Romans to express sestertii or sestertia are exceedingly confusing, and we cannot always determine whether the sum given is to be estimated in sestertii or sestertia. The difference, however, is very great between the one and the other. sestertius was 2 1 2 asses, and before the time of Augustus was of about the value of 2 1-10 pence, and afterwards of about 13-5 pence; while the sestertium was, previous to Augustus, of about the value of £8, 17s., afterwards of 7£, 16s. So far this is clear; but as the sign HS or IIS meant both sestertium and sestertius (meaning semis et tertium) if the number be represented by the Roman letters, as H.S. xxv., it may mean either, and we are quite in the dark. We can only be sure when the number is written - as H.S. trecenti, or H.S. trecenta - or H.S. decies. I should also state that where this number is preceded by a numeral adverb ending in "ies," the number must be multiplied by one hundred thousand. Having premised this, I only give you a few more citations from my list. I have already alluded to M. Agrippa as a patron of art. He it was, you remember, who built and bequeathed to his countrymen the magnificent thermæ in the Campus Martius, with their splendid garmarriage with Julia, the daughter of Augustus (and a precious life she led him too), he was simple and severe in his tastes and in his habits. Still, as you see, he had both the power and the will to make munificent gifts to the people beyond anything known at the present day. And not content with this, he wrote an oration urging upon those who possessed statues, pictures, or works of art of any kind, the duty of exhibiting them to the public. What, is to our purpose at present, however, is the fact recorded by Pliny, that he paid to the people of Cyzicus for two paintings, one representing Ajax and one Venus, the small sum of 1,200,000 sesterces, which, reckoned at their lowest value, amounted to over £10,600.

Belton. These could have been only

single figures apparently - ideal portraits.

By whom were they painted?

Mallett. Pliny does not inform us. Had they been by one of the most celebrated artists, he would probably have given his name. But this is mere conjecture.

Bellon. Well, go on.

Mallett. What gives more probability to the conjecture that these pictures were not by any very eminent artist, is the value attached to one picture by Aristides. This picture, representing Father Bacchus, was brought from Greece by Lucius Mummius, among the spoils of victory, and he made a contract for the sale of it with Attalus, king of Pergamus, for the bagatelle of six thousand sestertia - "vi. mil sestertium;" but he afterwards, to the great regret of Attalus, revoked the sale, on the ground that the price was too small.

Belton. Six thousand sestertia! That would be about £52,500 of our money.

Mallett. Yes. There is no mistake

here, unless Pliny made it, for the words are written "vi. mil sestertium."

Belton. That is £12,500 more than is asked for the altar-piece by Raffaelle, of which we were speaking, without taking into consideration the decrease in the value of money since the days of the Roman empire; but taking it at an equal valuation, it seems almost incredible. By the way, is it not of this Mummius that the story is told, that when he was embarking some of these magnificent works of which he robbed Greece, he obliged the captain of the vessel to sign an obligation that in case any of them were lost or destroyed he would replace them with others?

Mallett. The same. Poor man, he knew more about war than art, and probably supposed one picture or statue was as good as another, provided it was of the same size. But art had its revenge upon him; not all his victories could relieve him from the ridicule he brought upon himself by this absurd contract. There was a roar of inextinguishable laughter over all Rome when it became known.

Belton. Have you any other instance of so large a price being given for a sin-

gle work of art?

Mallett. Not for a picture - though larger prices were given for statues, as you will see. Strabo, however, tells us that when a great tribute was imposed upon the inhabitants of Cos, an offer was made to them to abate from it the sum of one hundred talents for the picture of Venus Anadyomene by Apelles; but whether this offer was accepted or not, he does not state.

Belton. Were these Attic or Æginetan

Mallett. Probably Attic - which would make this sum about £25,000; if they were Æginetan, they would be nearly But it is safer to consider them £35,000.

as Attic.

I have but few other notes of pictures, and not of much consequence. We have seen that King Attalus lost one picture of Aristides on which he had set his heart among the spoils of Lucius Mummius; but he did get possession of another by this artist representing a sick man lying on his bed, for which he paid one hundred talents. Candaules, too, the last Lydian king of the race of the Heraclidæ, bought of the painter Bularchus his picture representing the battle fought by Candaules with the Magnetes, for which he paid him its weight in gold. This is completely indefinite - as we do not know its weight: but it must have been considerable, as paintings were then made on heavy wooden panels.

Belton. It would seem, at least, that even at this early period art was valued. This was, if I remember right, about the end of the eighth century before Christ some four centuries before gold began to be coined at Athens. But, as we know from Herodotus, the Lydians had long before coined gold, and were, according to him, the first who did. What a story it is that Herodotus tells of Candaules

and Gyges!

Mallett. Candaules must have been an egregious ass, or he would have known

of his wife to his rival; but he had to knew what others he had. pay for his folly with his life, and so the

account was squared.

Belton. Possibly this very picture by Bularchus was hanging in the chamber of the queen when Gyges looked in from the closet where Candaules hid him to

Mallett. Very possible. What a charm there is in the Father of History! what simple directness and picturesqueness! I don't know that dignity has added much to history. The further it removes itself from annals, the statelier and stu-

pider it becomes.

Belton. Apropos of the very subject we are discussing, let me recall to you the tradition that Herodotus, when an old man, read his history to an Athenian audience at the Panathenaic festival, and so enchanted them that they gave him ten talents, or £2,500, as a recompense. That was better than lecturing even in America. I doubt whether even Motley or Prescott would ever have made as much by reading their histories, admirable as they are, in the Athens of Amer-

Mallett. Isocrates, it is said, received a sum equivalent to about £3,875 for one oration; and Virgil, for his famous lines on Marcellus, was rewarded by a gift of about £1,700; and according to Suetonius, Tiberius presented to Asellius Sabinus four hundred thousand sesterces (about £3,540) for a dialogue he wrote between a mushroom, a cabbage, an oyster, and a thrush, in which they disputed among themselves. But to go back to our pictures. I have only two more on my list. They are of little consequence, but here they are. Hortensius the orator - whom Cicero admired, whom Roscius imitated, and whose memory was so remarkable that he is said to have been able, in coming out of a saleroom, to repeat backward the auction-list - was also a lover of pictures; and for a painting of the Argonautæ by Cydias, he paid 144,ooo sestertii or sestertia, as you choose, for which he constructed a shrine at Tusculum, and, I have no doubt, discussed its merits there with Cicero.

Belton. It is pleasant to think of these great men of the past walking through their libraries and porticoes and talking of art and literature and politics, and deone picture in the house of Hortensius. £335,000.

better than to have exposed the charms It makes him more real to me. I wish I

Mallett. Many, I doubt not, and very valuable ones, for he was a man of great wealth as well as great taste and culture. Among other works of art he had a sphinx of Corinthian brass which he obtained from Verres, and referring to which Ciceprove his wife the most beautiful of ro made a statement which Pliny has thought worthy of repeating. Hortensius, in arguing with him, said warmly, "I do not understand enigmas." "But you should," returned Cicero, "for you keep a sphinx at home." This was what the Romans perhaps considered witty. have only one more picture to speak of, and then we will turn to the statues, and this was a picture of Archigallus, painted by Parrhasius, and estimated at 60,000 sestertia, which the Emperor Tiberius owned, and kept constantly in his bedchamber. And now that I speak of it, there was still one other picture, by Parrhasius, which was offered by testament of the Roman knight to whom it belonged to the Emperor Tiberius - he having the option to receive it, or take in its place a million sesterces. The subject was an abominable one, but Tiberius chose the picture and kept it in his bedchamber. If you are anxious as to the subject, you will find it described in the pages of Suetonius, in his life of the emperor.

Belton. I know what the tastes of Tiberius were, and I can imagine the subject. But let us now have the statues.

Mallett. Very well; I will begin with the colossal statues. The famous Colossus at Rhodes, which was made of bronze and was 70 cubits - or about 105 feetin height, was 12 years in making, is said to have cost only 300 talents — or about £75,000 if we reckon the Attic talent, or £102,000 if we reckon the other talent, and probably the latter talent is to be reckoned in this case. At all events, the so-called Colossus of the Sun in the Capitol, which was a bronze figure of Apollo, only 30 cubits - or 45 feet English - high, brought by Marcus Lucullus from Apollonia, in Pontus, cost 500 talents, which, if reckoned even as Attic talents, would be over £125,000; and it would hardly be probable that the Colossus at Rhodes, which was twice its height, could have been executed for so much less. But this is a trifle compared to the price paid for a colossal statue of Mercury, made for the city of the Averni in Gaul, scanting upon each other's statues and by Zenodorus. On this work he was enpictures; and I am glad to know even gaged for 10 years, and the cost of it was

Athena of Phidias in the Parthenon, or his Zeus at Olympia cost? These will give us some rule to reckon by, perhaps.

Mallett. I am not aware that the whole cost of these statues is stated by any ancient author. The gold employed on the movable drapery alone of the Athena was over 40 talents in weight of unalloyed gold according to Thucydides, whose exactness in such matters is above suspicion. This would be equivalent to some £116,000 in coin; while a single lock on the head of the Zeus at Olympia weighed six minæ, or about the value of nearly £5,000.

For the famous statue of the Diadumenos, which was a bronze figure of lifesize representing a youth tying a fillet round his head, Polycleitus received 100

talents, or about £25,000.

Belton. This was called the canon, was it not, from its extreme perfection and

proportion?

Mallett. No; it was another figure by Polycleitus called the Doryphoros or spear-bearer to which that epithet was given - not because it was a canon in itself, but because it embodied practically the canon or rule of proportion established by Polycleitus, and set forth in a treatise he wrote on proportion, which unfortunately is lost.

Belton. Have we no record of it?

Mallett. Vitruvius gives us empirically some of the measurements, but even in these he is in some cases manifestly incorrect. Of the principles of proportion upon which the system of Polycleitus was founded he apparently was ignorant; and as probably the book as well as the statue had disappeared before his day, his system only remained as a tradition. I think that there is little doubt that this system was founded upon certain mathematical relations of numbers, as well as upon a geometrical basis, of which the numbers three, four, eight, and twelve, as well as the triangle, square, and circle, made an essential part. But this is too intricate, and would require too much time to explain here, even supposing you We should were interested in the matter. We should rather keep to our subject. If I should begin to talk about proportions, you would soon wish I were in Jericho.

Belton. Well, for the present let us go

on with the statues.

Mallett. You remember the fourth oration that Cicero fulminated against Ver-

Belton. I remember the oration; but, and expresses it with great vehemence

Belton. What did the gold and ivory if I am not mistaken, it was never delivered. It was only prepared for delivery. One passage always particularly amused me, as showing the deliberate artifice with which Cicero prepared his public orations, so as to give them an off-hand air of improvisation. He is speaking of a certain work of a distinguished artist as well known to him as Scipio; but he pretends to forget his name, and appeals to his audience to prompt him: after a moment's hesitation he recalls it as if it had suddenly come to his memory. I forget the exact words, and I have not his oration, but you will find it there. It is something like this: "Erant ænea preterea duo signa. Canephoræ ipsæ vocabantur; sed earum artificem - quem? Recte admones - Polycle-Quemnam? tum esse dicebant."

Mallett. The old humbug! I suppose there never was a more artificial writer. Even his letters are compositions prepared evidently for the public eye - stiff, formal, self-conscious, and a little pedan-How different, for example, from those of Fronto and Marcus Aurelius! It seems to me that these are the most natural of all the ancient letters that have come down to us. Some of them have pretty little phases of common life and turns of expression that are charming, and particularly here or there where the children are spoken of with diminutives of affection, and their doings are recount-For instance, where Fronto says: "Vidi pullulos tuos, quod quidem libertissime in vita mia viderim, cum simili facie tibi ut nihil sit hoc simili, similius. . . . Panem alter tenebat bene candidum, ut puer regius; alter autem cibarium, plane ut patre philosopho prognatus. Deos quaeso sit salvus sator, salva sint sata salva seges sit, quæ tam similes procreat. Nam etiam voculas quoque eorum audivi tam dulcis, tam venustas, ut orationis tuæ lepidum illum et liquidum sonum nescio quo pacto in utrius que pipulo adgnoscerem.

Belton. Charming! and to think that these little chicks (pulluli) there were Commodus and Antoninus! But perhaps little Antoninus, who died when four years old, might really have grown up like his father. But do you remember that remarkable letter of Fronto on the death of his nephew - de nepote amisso - so full of that deep intensity of feeling which we are accustomed to think averse from all the old Roman habits of thought? He is overwhelmed with grief,

and passion. I commend it to you if you used plaster at this period for modelling-

do not know it.

Mallett. It is idle to think they did not suffer just as we do from the loss of friends, however they might deem it fit to assume a stoical air of indifference. I do not believe they did assume this air - in private life. But to "resume" - as Byron has it - or we shall never get through our list. The Cupid originally made for the people of Parium by Praxiteles, afterwards came into the possession of Heius, a rich Sicilian, who was forced to yield it to Verres for the ridiculously small price Cicero founds on this of H.S.M.D.C. fact the argument that such a price could only have been the result of violence on the part of Verres and fear on the part of Heius - and says : " Have we not seen a small bronze statue sold at auction for 120,000 sesterces H.S.C.XX millibus? and if I desired to mention those who have paid an equal and even a larger price than this, could I not do so?" How then, he goes on to argue, is it possible to suppose that for this contemptible price Heius would willingly, and without threats of violence in case of his refusal, have surrendered this statue to Verres for 1,600 sesterces, when a small brass statue at auction constantly brings as much as 120,000?

Belton. Even this was a small price apparently: 120,000 sesterces (supposing he meant the sestertius) are only about £1,063, which seems like nothing compared to the prices you have stated.

Mallett. So it would seem; but you must remember that Cicero is speaking of a small bronze, and not of a life-sized figure, and his argument is, that if a small statue like this, even at auction, would bring £1,063 - made by no great artist it is impossible to believe that Heius would have sold a statue by Praxiteles for the price of some £13, unless he was forced by violence to do so. After all, is there any small modern bronze which would bring anything like such a price as £1,063? Yet, as you say, even that seems a small price when we know that Lucullus contracted to give the modeller Arcesilaus - though he died before he could finish it - for a statue of Felicity in plaster, only the sum of 60,000 sesterces, or half that price; and Octavius, a Roman knight, gave the same artist for a design or copy of a cratera (or mixingbowl) in the same material, no less than a

Did they know anything about casting in

plaster?

Mallett. It is generally supposed that they did; but this opinion is founded almost solely on a passage in Pliny, which has, in my opinion, been quite misinterpreted, and means nothing of the kind. Had they known how to cast in plaster we should have had casts and moulds. Much frailer objects have been preserved to us. But besides, had this art been possessed by them, we should certainly have had repliche identical in form and size of all their great works, and there is not an identical copy of a single one. As far as we know, the famous Venuses of Praxiteles were each unique, as were all the great or indeed small ancient statues. The repetitions in every case are variations.

Belton. The argument seems conclu-

Malleti. The value set upon these works of Praxiteles seems almost incredible. King Nicomedes offered the inhabitants of Cnidus, that if they would sell him their famous Venus by this artist, he would pay all their public debt, which was enormous - "quod erat ingens" says Pliny; but they rather chose to suffer anything than to part with this rare and exquisite work. "Nor was it without good cause," says Pliny, "that they showed themselves so resolute in their refusal, for this statue of Praxiteles en-nobled Cnidus." There in her temple stood the marble divinity, and strangers flocked from every quarter of the earth to gaze at her, and do her reverence.

We also get an idea of the value placed on works of art from the extraordinary care which was taken for their preservation. For instance, those who had charge of the brazen dog in the temple of Juno, which was celebrated for its admirable workmanship and fidelity to nature, were made responsible for its safety with their lives : and the same rule obtained in regard to the statues in the Septa, by unknown artists, representing Pan, Chiron, Achilles, and Olympus.

If we turn from the statues - and I have now gone through with my list of them - to the other objects of luxury and art, we find the ancient Romans equally if not more extravagant. For a single dish of pottery the tragic actor Esophus paid a hundred thousand sestalent, or £250.

Belton. It would seem, then, that they Vitellius ordered a dish to be made for him, for which a furnace was erected in | danced in the theatre, fought in the the fields outside the city, for a million sesterces, or £9,000.

Belton. Nine thousand pounds for a single dish of pottery by a Roman artist!

This exceeds belief.

Mallett. It is an accredited fact, and is reported by Pliny. Murrhine cups were a special luxury, on which they spent large sums. Murrhine was a species of opaline stone, variegated with delicate colours, somewhat apparently between an opal and feldspar, exceedingly rare, and commanding large prices. One of these cups, holding less than three pints, was sold for 70,000 sesterces, or more than £700. For another, Titus Petronius gave 300,000 sesterces or £2,700; and Nero having set his eyes on this, Petronius, who hated the emperor, dashed it to fragments in order to prevent him from getting possession of it. Nero himself, however, surpassed them all, for he had a murrhine cup for which he paid the prodigious sum of a million sesterces.

Belton. I suppose there were no boundaries to the extravagances of this madman. What did he not do that was wild

and wicked?

Mallett. He was perhaps a little more extravagant than the rest, but not so very much. Almost any of them would crush a province to possess a cup. You think this price he paid for this murrhine cup extravagant; what do you think of his paying £32,291, 13s. 4d. for a carpet?

Belton. I say with Mantalini, "Dem the 4d!" What a price!

What a price!

Mallett. That is a mere bagatelle. Suetonius tells us that the grave Julius Cæsar gave for a single pearl sexageis sestertium - 600,000 sesterces - £5,400. Alexander, according to Pliny, gave sixteen talents for his famous Bucephalus; and - open your eyes - Tacitus informs us that Nero gave away in presents to his friends "bis et vicies millies sertertium," which is about nineteen and one half millions sterling.

Belton. You take my breath away! On the whole, I think better of Nero than I ever did before. A man or an emperor who gives away presents to that amount, must at least have been generous.

Mallett. There can be no doubt that he was generous, and, when the good fit was on him, amusing and spirited. What the patricians hated him for was not so much his crimes or his wild extravagances, as because he prided himself on being an artist, and acted on the stage,

arena, which they thought disgraced his own position as emperor and lowered their dignity. They little cared how much money he spent, and scarcely how many crimes he committed. There was always a ready excuse to be found for these crime was too common to be peculiar, extravagance was universal. Even Seneca, with his all his philosophy and moral sentences, more than apologized for Nero's crimes - he defended them; nay, he defended the very worst of them, the murder of his mother - if he did not even go farther and abet it, as seems most probable. As for his lavishness of expenditure, that was nothing. The very man they placed on his seat, after the brief interval of Galba, was his boon companion in vice and luxury. Otho, when he came to the purple, himself owed £1,602,000. Besides, it was this very lavishness that rendered him popular with the Roman people. He won, at all events, their affections. In fact, he had more sympathies with them than ' with the higher classes. It is curious that with all his love of athletic sports, of fighting and driving, and the excitement of the arena, he was really a coward, and most of his crimes seem to have been prompted by fear of those by whom he was surrounded. He was mortally afraid of his mother, and he had every reason to be. She wished to be the head power of the State, and to use him as a puppet. With twice the ability, twice the courage, and twice the will of her son, she was always in his way. She menaced, flattered, and harassed him by turns, and at the last it would seem that fear of her drove him to compass her death. His was a strange combination of contradictory qualities. Generosity, cruelty, fear, recklessness, love of poetry, art, music, and all the æsthetic pursuits, together with a coarseness of feeling, a violence of passion, a hardness of heart, and a savage thirst for blood, which was, even at that time, amazing. No one could count on him a moment. He was as variable in his moods as a feather to the wind. Sullen and moody, gay and volatile, timorous and cruel, superstitious and defiant by turns, he was at once a terror and a delight to his friends.

Belton. In a word, he was half mad. How strange it is that in all his early youth he should have been so tractable, even tender-hearted, and then suddenly should have changed to such violence and drove in the public races, sang and and wickedness! The first sentence of from signing, saying he wished he knew not how to write. He found no such difficulty in after-days. The tremendous from punishment he enjoyed, seems to have turned his head. After all his father's sneer at his birth was justified by his life. "What," he said to Agrippina, "can be born from us but a monster?"

Mallett. One should always remember in considering Nero, that in history his crimes, are as it were seen in perspective; and though really separated by considerable intervals, they there appear crowded together and almost in one mass. Like pillars seen at a distance along a level road, they appear close to each other, though there really may be long spaces between them. Besides, they are so colossal in themselves that they be-come to us the main features of his life, and dwarf everything else. To those who stood abreast of them, living along with them, they did not produce this effect. There were salient points occurring now and then, but diminished in effect by the daily flatness of common occurrences, and obscured by means of smaller events. His murders were nine days' wonders, and in the intervals he occupied the minds of men with games and largesses, panem et circenses, and banquets, and pomp, and ceremonies, and thus drew them away from the contemplation of his gross and occasional crimes by constant and enticing interests, otherwise it would have been impossible even for them to tolerate him. He looks to us as if his life were one mass of horrors - to them these horrors were occasional.

Belton. Besides, we unconsciously judge his life by our own, and his actions by those which would be possible at the present day, without taking into account the difference of habits, and principles, His worst crime, depend and ideas. upon it, had not the same aspect to them as to us.

Mallett. He is a very interesting study, if one only had the time to give to him. But now let us consider him only on the side of extravagance. Think of his having expended in about fourteen years, in presents only, the enormous sum of nineteen and one half millions sterling.

Belton. Let me see - if the queen of England had given away, for the thirtyseven years of her reign, the entire sum appointed to her by the State, she would book? have expended only about two-thirds of

death that was put before him he shrank the extravagance of these Romans, or of their fortunes?

Mallett. Yes, I have noted down a number of items showing how far behind power he wielded, the complete immunity them we are, for all we think we are extravagant in modern times. Who does not scold, for instance, at the money women lay out now upon their dresses! -but what shall we say of Lollia Paulina, the rival of Agrippina, whose dresses

alone were valued at £332,916?

Belton. Impossible! That must have

included at least her jewels.

Mallett. No - not at all. Ah! you don't believe it? Listen, then, to what Pliny says - "I have seen Lollia (happy Pliny! - he saw her) on an occasion of no special solemnity, but at a plain citizen's bridal-supper, all covered with pearls and emeralds, her hair and headdress, ears, neck, and fingers, worth as much as forty millions sesterces "— (that is, £312,500 worth of jewels on her person at a plain citizen's supper). "Such was the style in which she came to witness the act of marriage. Nor were these love-tokens of a princely prodigal. They were the treasures of her grandsire, amassed from the spoil of provinces. Such was the end of all this rapine. Lollius suffered disgrace, and perished by his own hand, that his granddaughter might blaze by lamplight in the splendour of forty millions."

Belton. Well, her own end was even worse. Poor Lollia! She made a narrow miss of being empress; but Agrippina was too wily, and won the game. All her beauty, all her splendour of dress, and her luxury, and her wit, availed her little against her cruel rival. She perished miserably at last by violence, and in exile. I know no more revolting story than that which is related by Dion of Agrippina, who, after she had put Lollia to death, commanded the centurion to bring her the head of her rival; and she, to make sure that the ghastly face was really that of the beautiful woman whose life she had ruined, pushed up her dead

lips to verify her by her teeth.

Mallett. Ghastly! By the way, there is one book that I should like of all others to read — the memoirs which Agrip-pina is said to have written of her own life. What revelations it would make! what an insight it would give us into the interior life of Rome?

Belton. Did she ever write such a

Mallett. So it is said; but unfortuthis sum. Have you any other items of nately it is lost, and so are these last

made of that! Not that I think his picture of Tiberius, powerful as it is, has any justification in fact. Tactius studiously maligned Tiberius, and there would seem to be no warrant for this savage Tactius was a partisan, and full of prejudice, and all his statements must be taken with considerable abatement. His account of the death of Nero is certainly a great loss. Still, Suetonius has given us an account so picturesque, so evidently true in all its details of these last terrible days of Nero, that for myself I doubt if Tacitus would have made it more real to me. He would have written it better; but the detail as told by Suetonius could not be improved.

Mallett. Nero seems truly to have loved Poppæa, and no wonder, if it were possible for him to love anybody. She must have been a great beauty, and have possessed besides a peculiar charm of attraction. Her manners, it is admitted, despite the licentiousness of her life, were modest and gentle, and her wit was celebrated. To her might be applied that amusing statement of our American friend, who said of some one - after praising her beauty, and grace, and wit: "My dear fellow, she has only one defect -she has no kind of principle." Her luxury was at least equal to that of .Lollia; and when she travelled, she carried with her five hundred she-asses, so that she might have her bath of milk every morning. Why not? She could afford

Belton. Do you know the so-called Clytie of the British Museum?

Mallett. Yes; and why is it supposed

to represent Clytie?

Belton. Because there are the leaves of the sun-flower around the bust; and the myth is that she was enamoured of Apollo, and was changed into the heliotrope, or sunflower.

Mallett. But why in this connection

did you ask if I knew the bust.

Belton. Because I believe it is the portrait of Poppæa. It is plainly not an represent Clytie, it is a portrait of some real person in that character. It has none of the features, characteristics, or methods of treatment adopted by the ancients in their ideal heads, and it has a peculiar individuality of feature and avid of money that nothing would satisfy expression. The workmanship is not his greed, was also as liberal in the dis-

books of Tacitus, which would have given us the end of Nero. It would have made period of Nero, or thereabouts. It a companion to his "Tiberius." Belton. What a picture he would have the portraits of Poppæa on the coins, and particularly a gem representing her, in possession of the Earl of Exeter. In all of them, the eyes are deep-set, the orbit large, the chin full but slightly retreating, and the whole contour of the face similar. The forehead of the bust is low, as hers was; the hair is worn in the Roman fashion of her time, and richly curls and waves as did her amber locks. of the head, modestly inclined and full of sentiment, answers to the character and manner attributed to her by the ancient writers, who say that she affected at least a retiring and modest demeanour. The leaves of the sunflower only indicate an apotheosis of the person represented, and this would properly belong to Poppæa; for Nero, distracted by her death, which he had brought about himself in a moment of passion, ordered that she should be enrolled among the gods, and himself wrote her funeral eulogy, and presided at her apotheosis. If the leaves be those of the sunflower, as we call the heliotrope - which is not certain - there is also in this a peculiar appropriateness to Poppæa; for Nero called himself the son of Apollo, from whom he received his golden locks; and as Poppæa loved him, died by his hands, and had herself the same golden amber hair, they might as fitly surround her bust as Clytie's. These among others are my reasons for supposing this bust to be the portrait of Poppæa.

Mallett. They certainly have a great deal of weight. Has this ever been sug-

gested?

Belton. Not that I am aware of. But it is getting late, and you are not at the end of your notes, I see; pray let me

have the rest.

Mallett. I have only a few items more, and they chiefly refer to houses and real estates, which will indicate what were the probable fortunes of some of the Romans of position. Marcus Gabius Apicius, one of the three notorious gluttons, all of whom bore the same surname, after squandering a fortune on the pleasures of ideal bust, but a portrait; and even if it the table, left behind him in real estate over £807,000, so that had he lived he might have gone on eating for a considerable time longer. Marcus Licinius

pensing of it. When he was consul with | Please to think of this for a moment: to various arts, exploited to his own benefit their labours, in working his silver-mines, cultivating his farms, and practising numerous trades. His wealth must have been, according to all accounts, immense; but his real estate on his death was only valued at about £1,614,583, showing that the greater portion of his fortune was not in land.

Belton. Poor Crassus! After all his victories and all his fortunes he met with a sad end. Defeat, if I remember right, overtook him somewhere in Mesopota-mia—that soothing and religious word —in an encounter with the Parthians; and Orodes, the Parthian king, after cutting off his head, poured molten gold into his mouth, saying, "Sate thyself now with the metal of which in thy life thou wast so greedy." This was mere wantonness of waste. I think I do not ad-

mire Orodes.

Mallett. Then there was Pallas, the curled darling and lover of Agrippina, who was enormously rich, and to whom Juvenal alludes as a type of wealthy men in the line, "Ego possideo plus Pallanto et Licinio." He left a handsome estate in land - I speak only of land now - of some £2,921,875. Then there was Seneca the philosopher and moralist, who always preached the virtues of poverty and self-denial, and professed the virtues of stoicism, who left about the same amount, given to him in great part, I suppose, by Nero; and Lentulus, whose real estate amounted to about £3,229, 166; and Isodoros, who disposed by will of four hundred and sixteen slaves, 3,660 yoke of oxen, and 257,000 other cattle. to us. It seems impossi These were all fairly well off, one might utterly have disappeared. say; but apparently Marcus Scaurus was superior to them all in wealth. His luxury and extravagance were amazing. One may judge of his wealth by a single fact. He at one time erected a temporary theatre for the people, which was only in use for a month. This theatre this question - and cries where? in height, and between them were placed of them still remain — buried out of sight no less than three thousand brass statues. — hidden in the earth?

Pompey, for instance, he gave a public Here was a private man who could place banquet to the people at which ten thou-three thousand brass statues of his own sand tables were spread. He had im-mense numbers of slaves, to whom he gave a good education and trained them have been colossal or at least heroic in size, or they would have produced no effect. But to go on with the theatre. The area afforded accommodation for eighty thousand spectators - nearly as many as the Colosseum; and the interior fittings, consisting of attalic vestments enwoven with gold tissues, and the embroideries, pictures, and stage-properties, were of the most gorgeous character. When the theatre was abandoned, as it was in a month, such portions of the fittings and paraphernalia and ornament, etc., as were not required by him for his daily enjoyment in Rome, were carried to his villa in Tusculum. Shortly after-wards his servants burnt this villa out of revenge for some injury, and his loss by this fire was estimated at no less than three hundred millions of sesterces, or about £2,656,250. You may imagine, therefore, what his total fortune amounted

> Belton. All I have to say is, that if they possessed such fortunes as these, I only wonder they did not pay a little more for pictures and statues. I begin to think that £20,000 for a statue has a character of meanness about it. I wonder they were not ashamed to offer such ridiculously small prices. But one question more: what has become of all this gold?

> Mallett. What becomes of pins? Where do the millions upon millions go that are manufactured every year? Where the gold went, in all probability. Still, I cannot but think that great quantities of gold still remain deposited in secret hiding-places under ground— some of which chance may yet discover to us. It seems impossible that it can

> Belton. And the pearls, emeralds, diamonds, and all the precious stones: where are they? Where are Lollia's forty millions? Where is Julius Cæsar's pearl?

Mallett. Echo is the only authority on

was of three storeys, supported on three hundred and sixty columns. The first and principal storey was of marble; the sec-were pledged with their lives? They ond of glass, an unheard-of-luxury in have perished or disappeared as a stone those days; and the third of gilded wood. in the sea, and no one knows when, how, The lowest columns were thirty-eight feet or where. Is it not possible that many

Mallett. I have little doubt of it, but | and I differ. Mr. Darwin is of opinion the difficulty is to know where. Belton. Let us go and find them. Mallett. Andiam.

> From The Spectator. FLOWER-TRAPS.

As far as we can gather, the years which have followed Mr. Darwin's announcement and verification of the great principal of "natural selection" as an efficient cause of changes of type in the various species of plants and animals, have tended in the minds of the greatest living naturalists to prove that, though a very powerful cause, it is not by any means the only cause which has been at work in effecting those changes, and that it will not be possible ultimately to explain many of the curiosities of organic life by the service which those organic modifications have even at any time rendered to the species to which they belonged. An illustration of the tendency to diverge from Mr. Darwin, not, of course, in relation to the great influence which the principle he has discovered has had in altering organic types, but as to the extent of the principle, is afforded by a very interesting lecture of Mr. Lawson Tait's, delivered at Birmingham on Tuesday, on "Insectivorous Plants," that is, on those curious flower-traps to which so much attention has lately been drawn, -flowers in which insects are not only caught and killed, but in some cases at least digested. Mr. Lawson Tait, however, holds that there are species of plants which catch insects without digesting them, and that even when they digest the insects caught, this digestion is not followed by any such direct advantage to the plant as we derive from nutrition, i.e., from the assimilation of our food. "It must not be supposed," he writes, "that every fly-trap is a fly-digester, still less must it be taken for granted, as it has been too readily in the case of the sarracenia, that fly-digestion must necessarily mean absorption of the products. In fact, direct absorption of the products by the leaves is so hypothetical, that I am inclined to disregard [? disbelieve] it tivorous plants, and that even the insecaltogether. I know Mr. Darwin is inclined to accept it, but I do not know his grounds." And he added at the end of the lecture, "What becomes of the products of digestion is a problem still unsolved, and on this point Mr. Darwin lieve that in the natural world the only

that the leaves absorb the products of digestion. I thought so at first, but I have failed to find any evidence of absorption by the surface of the leaves. On the other hand, my experiments tend to show that the products of digestion run down the leaf-stalk to the roots, and are there absorbed as manure is." Of course, if that be so, the roots may assimilate a portion of the fluid in which the insect has been digested, though much of it may be wasted in the soil, but even if the manuring of the roots by these digested insects is useful to the growth of the plant, it can hardly be of the same importance to it as it would be if the whole products of digestion were, as Mr. Darwin supposed, absorbed by the leaves. And in the cases mentioned by Mr. Lawson Tait, in which the flower-traps catch the insects without digesting them at all, it is still less likely that the trap is essential to the health and growth of the plant, and therefore that it has been gradually elaborated by the process of natural selection through the benefit it has thus conferred. Indeed the cases are not few in which it is admitted to be, in the present state of our knowledge, impossible to ascribe particular organic modifications to the principle of natural selection. In his first treatise on the subject, Mr. Darwin himself, if we remember rightly, admitted very candidly that there were many cases in which natural selection could hardly be supposed to account for the elaboration of a particular organic structure, for the very simple reason that, as in the case of the quadruped's tail which is of service in flapping away insects, it would not be useful at all till it had already attained a certain completeness and magnitude, so that the initial stages of growth could not be ascribed to the advantages it bestowed. And the same may be said in relation to these flower-traps, even if they do contribute to the food of the plant. Till the trap was perfect enough to catch an insect, it could be of no use in catching insects, and a perfect trap could not be elaborated all at once. Indeed if Mr. Lawson Tait is right, it would seem that the insect-catching plants are not always insectivorous plants often appropriate only a certain proportion, if any, of the products of the insects thus digested.

We do not know, indeed, why there should be any disposition at all to be-

of that faculty. That usefulness is one growth of useful characteristics Mr. Darwin has admirably shown. But is there the least a priori presumption that this may be the only cause? If we were to discover for certain that there are flowertraps which get no sort of advantage out of their insect-prey, would it be at all more surprising than the fact that there are so many human traps in the shape of longings and desires, - for instance, according to most physiologists, the appetite for fermented liquors, - which bring no advantage, but almost pure mischief, to the creatures whose natures contain these traps, and who take such pains to bait them skilfully? There are flowertraps which are fatal enough to men, as well as flower-traps which are so fatal to insects, and traps of which it would not be difficult to show that the victims are never either digested or absorbed by the living trap which catches them. Avarice, - the love of money for its own sake, and not for the sake of the advantages which it brings, - is certainly such | them. a trap, though not of the most flowery kind, and one which closes on its prey without bringing anything but harm to the subject of the passion. Almost all the occupations which absorb men and devour their hearts, the love of gambling, the delight in mere intellectual dexterity, - such as is shown, for instance, in the passion for billiards or chess, - nay, the love of music itself, is more or less of We do not doubt that many this nature. of them are harmless, and that some of them, like the love of music, are ennobling, but few of them indeed are of a kind to give any great advantage to their devotees in the "conflict for existence" with other men, while many of them are a distinct deduction from the efficiency of the races of men in whom they are most highly developed. Indeed, the effect of culture in developing a very high sort of devotion to useless intellectual amusements in the higher races, is one of the most remarkable proofs conceivable that all which grows up in this universe is by no means to be accounted for, either in the present or in ages long gone by, by the advantages it brought to human beings in the conflict for existence. The love of play in children is, of course, explained nowadays by the necessity for clearly moral a nature as man, have their rest from useful occupations; but why, on the hypothesis that utility has been the great efficient cause of all organic for self-control.

ultimate cause of faculty is the utility | changes, was there not some race in which all the rest which is usually gained cause, and a most important cause, of the by play was found in varieties of useful work, - so that every moment of a child's life should be utilized and economized for the purpose of fitting it for the conflict of life? The only possible answer, as it seems to us, is that the nature of man is so made as to crave the pursuit of other ends besides utility; but this is really admitting that other ends besides utility have always existed and always will exist in the ground-plan, as it were, of the universe. For you cannot reply that a creature which lives for a variety of ends is necessarily more prosperous than one which lives only for the sake of life, without conceding the very point, namely, that before you can calculate what is useful to any being, you must have already before you a constitution in which there are a variety of wants and functions independent of utility, so that utility must be reckoned in reference to the satisfaction of those wants and the development of those functions, and could not be reckoned at all without

> As far as can be seen, it is as true of the natural world as it is of the human world, that the growth of a great deal in it can be referred to the use which it served. But the growth of a great deal else must be referred to ultimate diversities of end in the constitution of the universe, which cannot be shown, or even reasonably conjectured, to have been useful to the natures in which those diversities existed. We suspect that the more time naturalists give to the causes which have been at work in nature, the more they will see that the principle of natural selection, powerful as it is, is a limited one. Indeed, will it not be found that a good many of the varieties of the lower orders of species are mere anticipations of and preparations for the varieties of the higher orders of species which are to be developed out of them? And as there can be no question that amongst men the principle of competition or conflict, though a very active one, is by no means the only one at work, we are not surprised to find traces in the lower orders of creation of other principles which seem simply unintelligible where they are, but which, when they reappear in a new form as elements in a being of so composite and yet so meaning and value, if only as affording opportunities for discipline and occasions

From The Academy.

SELECTIONS FROM THE HATTON PAPERS.

THE following extracts and letters are taken from the letters of Sir Charles Lyttelton to Lord Hatton, 1657-1709, which form part of the Hatton papers in the British Museum.

August 16, 1664.

The affaires at court are I beleeve much as they were when you left them. The Kg is in my opinion in much better health then he seemed when I first saw him. He has had a cough wch much troubled him and for wch I thinke he yet is advised to take Asses milk, but he hunts frequently and rides hard chases, wch shews him strong and vigorous; but not long since it was much feared he was in a consumption. I doe not observe he comes at all to ye Chancellors now, nor that there are so many clients at his doores besides; yet undoubtedly he still retains the primier ministres place and has the greatest Manage of affaires in his hands; & I cannot tell well how it should bee otherwise, for they that seeme to rivall him in it are in my opinion too much the companions of his pleasure to be at leizure to drudge in ye matters of state. The Kg, Queene, Duke &c. dine though to day wth the Chancellor at Twittnam, & I beleeve will be as gloriously treated as the place can admitt, for I saw a vast deale of the richest plate that ever I saw put up to be sent thither for this end.

Landguard, Aug. 21, 1671.

There has gone 2 yachs to the Duch fleet, neither of wch prevaile with um to strike. The first that went was Capt. Crow in the Monmouth, and he is now in ye Tower about it. His story is this, that being commanded to fetch my Lady Temple from Holland he passd by the Duch fleete upon his returne, when ye Admirall saluted him wth 4 gunns, wch he answered with 3, then shot another at him, wch made the Admirall presently send his Lt aboard him to know the reason. Crow told him, but presently shot another shot; whereupon de Ruiter or ye Admirall presently came aboard him himself to aske ye reason, wch he told him was to strike to ye Standard. The Duch Ad. replyed he had no such comn, nor would he without one, & that it must be argued before his masters at ye Hague and at Whitehall, & soe persuaded Capt. Crow that he had done his duty & to It seems that Crow had orders leave him. not to leave shooting till he had shot down his flag, or yt ye Duch had fired upon him againe & either done dammage to ye yach or some of ye company, and then ye Duch had broke ye Articles of peace.

8ber 7, 1671 [2].

Sir Harry North shot himself with a pistoll & left a paper in Latin to justifie himself about it.

Feb. 22, 1671 [2].

The Bp. of Bath, Dr. Charleton, kept his consecration feast at the Cock; for wch reason none of ye Bps. would goe to it.

March 22, 167 1-2.

I doubt not yr Br has alreadie told you of ye declaration for liberty of conscience and since another for warre upon the United Provinces, & of Sr Robert Holmes his falling on ye Duch Smirna Fleete consisting of about 60 merchart men & 6 or 7 men of warr. When he began the fight he had but 5 ships with him, but the next morning (I thinke) his Br Jack Holmes came in with 3 or 4 more. My Lord of Ossory in ye Resolution began the fight. Holmes his shipp and my Lords were disabled by the shotts in theyr masts and rigging very soone and were faine to lye by.

Sr Robert went into ye Cambridge com-manded Sr Fretswill Hollis, and fought in her. He complains of Sr Fretswill and Capt. Elliot that they did not doe theyr parts, els that they had taken them all; they of him that he wanted conduct and used them ill to ex-Both presse for a councel of warr wch I beleeve will not be granted, but wht faults were will be rather concealed. Another faults were will be rather concealed. thing they impute to Holmes is that when he was in search after ye Duch, he made Sprags fleete, wch so soone as he knew to be so altered his course and would not speake with him, though he were intreated to it by George Leg who was in ye Fairfax. The reason they say was because he emulated him, & that he must have fought under his flag, & being too confident of successe wthout him would not let him share with him in ye victory. They took a rich Smirna man & 3 others. . . . We lost a pritty many men in this action & all the ships were notably torne.

I I I I I I I I

Landguard Fort, May 16, 1672.

The Duch Fleet lye now before us, & both for number & quality look very terribly. I had ye fortune to save by a scout, wch I sent out to spye after them, 7 of our Frigots & 3 other greate ships wch lay in ye Gunfleet; who when he told were coming upon them, would hardly beleeve but they were our own Fleete, and had scarce time to weigh & begone again into ye river before they were in ye Gunfleet too, & ye next morning they sent above 40 saile of their best ships after them, wch pursued them as far as ye buoy of ye Nore, but I thinke did us no hurt. This afternoone they are come back again, for wee see them, to the rest of their Fleet, wch I beleeve are about too greate & small.

[P.S.] The Duch pursued them however ye

next morning to Sheerenesse.

Landguard, June 14, 1672.

My Lord Sandwich's body was found last Tuesday at sea at least 40 miles from ye place of battle, floating upon ye water, and was known by ye George & starr on him; though when he first came in it was easie enough to know him. He had in his pocket three ringes,

the most glorious blew saphir that ever I saw him. in my life. The other was an antique seale. He had a pr of compasses and a compasse too. So soone as I heered of it I went & brought the body hither wch lay in a small boate as it was toued by ye smack wch found him. I presently writt to my Lord Arlington of it, & gave order to my surgeon Mr. Thatham who is heere wth mee to prepare for ye embalming it, wch he has done; and since I had a letter from my Lord Arlington who commanded mee by order from his Matie to embalm him & to keepe the body wth all possible honour & decency till it be sent far away, & gave the man that found it & who went wth the news himself 50 peeces; his Maiesty being resolved to bury him at his own charge & expence for his greate & eminent services, especially this last at his death, where in hee certainly made for some howers as brave & generous a defence before the ship was burnt; wch was not till after he had put of two fire ships, by the 3d. His sonne allso perished wth him. He was seene by some that escaped one of ye last in ye ship, but it seemes at last leapt over board, for his body seemed not to be touched with the fire or powder, wch it could not have escaped if he had bine in ye ship, or very neere it, I should think. It was a strange misfortune that all the small vessells & tenders upon his ship were, at that time the Duch came upon us, from ye Fleet; nor had he any of his boates but his barge, wch so many of the men leapt into as they say she sunk by the ship side. He lyes now in my Chappell in his coffin wth black bays over it & some black bays & scutcheons round the Chappell, wch is all the ceremony this place will afford till further directions. But there is nothing stranger to mee then yt in all this time not one of his relations nor servants are yet come hither to waite on him or enquire. I writt to my Lord his sonne too ye same night.

Wee talk of nothing but peace with ye Duch, & to say truth I beleeve are as fraid of ye French conquering them as they them-

selves.

When I was last week in ye Fleet with ye Duke I heard a fearfull murmure of ye French, that they did not behave themselves well in ye battle, & though for that they have a faire pretence, because being to Leeward they could not come more into ye Fight then theyr enemy would let them, yet ye same excuse nor indeed any will scarce serve turne for ye next day, when being to windward, & yt ye Duke gave ve signall to them to beare in, they would not understand it; for if they had in probabillity the Duch had bine lost.

November 22, 1681.

There is one of the finest poems come out of Absolon & Achitophel that ever you read, wherein there is A greate many Characters of all ye greate men of both sides. Pray send in; and as soone as he came out, the convul-for it. 'Tis Dreydons they say & no doubt sion sized him & he fell into his chaire. The

one a white saphire wth his crest & garter, & upon ye presumption some body will fall upon

July ye 14th, 1683. London.

Yesterday Morn: my Ld Essex cut his own throate in ye Tower wth a Razor, wch he asked of his man that waited on him, having never a penknife to give him. He had asked for a penknife every day since he came thither. He did it in ye closse stoole roome while his man was gone down; but his page was in ye roome. He eate his breakefast well & was not perceiv'd to be in any disturbance of mind; but ye day before he had sent to desire my Ld Clarendon might speake wth him, wch he did, & he made prottestations that he knew nothing of any design to murder the King, but he sayd nothing to vindicate him self from being in other designes upon the gov-ernmt. The King happened to be in ye Tower at ye same time this happened, to view ye new Fortifications. The news was presently carried to the Old Bayly, where was upon theyre trialls my Ld Russell, Hone, Rowse, & Capt. Blagge, A Seaman, who were all found guilty, & who none of them made but very weake defences. My Lord had nothing but to call some persons to give an account of wht they knew of his life to make him unlikely to bee in such wicked designes he stood charged wth. The witnesses agst him were my Lord Howard, Rumsey, & Sheppheard a Merchant at whose house there was some of theyre consults & who was to be the treasurer to recieve & pay all mony.

[3rd Feb. 1685.]

Yesterday as ye King was dressing he was seized wth a convulsion fit, and gave a greate Scream & fell into his Chaire. Dr King happening to be present wth greate judgement & courage, tho' he be not his sworn phizitian, wthout other advise, imediately let him blood himself. He had 2 terrible fits, & continued very ill all day & till 1 or 2 a clock at night. He had severall hot pans applied to his head, wth strong spirrits. He had the Antimoniall cup, wch had no greate effect; but they gave him strong purges & glisters wch worked very well, & they cupped him & put on severall blistering plasters of Cantharides. It tooke him about 8 a clock & it was eleven before he came to himself. He was not dead, for he expressed great sense by his groanes all ye time. At midnight there was little hopes, but after he fell a sleepe, & rested well 3 or 4 howers, & Sr Cha. Scarboro told mee he thinkes him in a hopefull way to doe well. His plasters were taken of this morning & the blisters run very well; only one is yet on his leg wch is very painfull. He found him self ill when he rose, & those about him perceived it (but he sd nothing) by his talking & answering not as he used to doe, & he went into his closset in his gown & stayd half an hower alone, & Thom Howard desired Will Chiffins to goe to him, but he would not let him come in; and as soone as he came out, the convul-

phizitians conclude the sore on his heele was | ye gowte, & the applying plasters to it repelled ye humor to his head.

Tuesday, 7 at night. The King's head is not yet opened, that is ye plasters of Cantharides to raise blisters not yet taken of. His mouth & tongue & throate are very much inflamed wth ye hot medicines, & is ye cause he has bine twice let blood since noone; but ye 2d time was because ye 1st was unsuccessfull & he bled not above 2 ounces, wch was by Pierce; ye 2d time by Hobs, & then he bled 9 ounces. The phizitians were wth ye Council this afternoone & told them they beleeved his Majesty in a condition of safety. My Ld Arlington died A sunday. Sr Thomas Ver-non is dead too of ye Kgs distemper. The ports are all stopt, & expresses gone to Scotland & Ireland, as to all the Ltenances in England. All is very quiet heere wch God grant may continue & ye King recover.

June 8, 1688.

The Bps have bine before ye Kg in Council, & are committed to ye Tower because they would not enter into a Recognizance each of 500l to appeare in ye Term, upon pretence it wd injure theyr Peereage. I heare they were prest much in it & severall instances of Duke of Buck, Ld Lovelace & others. As they past through the courts to ye water side I wht I think may be most usefull.

from ye Councill (there being a greate crowd both wthin & wthout doores) the people praid for ym, & ye ABp held out his hand and said, be dutyfull to ye Kg, hold fast to ye religion, & God blesse you.

Shereness, Nober 6th, 1688.

The Dtch passd by wth theyr Fleet through Dover roade westward on Friday even, & tis supposed went to Portsmouth, of wch youl heare as soone as we. My Ld Dart [mouth] as soone as he cd get up his Anchors, wch I believe was not till Sunday, plyd after ym. Yesterday was so dead a calm he cd make no way, so is to day & so thick a fog wth all he cant stirr. One of theyr Fly boates wth 200 of ye Kgs subjects & all theyr officers fell into one of ye Kgs Frigots way, having lost her Rudder in ye storm, and are all prisoners. All the Forces in this country are marchd away except that part of Hales Regimt wch are heere, being 200, & 100 more at Land Guard Fort, and those are marchd to Rochester. I can't tell how to advise myself, if I shd presse to be sent far away to march after my Regimt. Loath I am to be out of the ocasion where the King, my friends, & my all are at stake; but this place is a post of greate concern & in my trust, & if any thing shd fall ye Temporall Peeres who had done it, as ye out contrary to expectation may be imputed to me. I have really noe vanity, but wil doe

REGIONS. - Mr. W. W. Cooper, the oculist, has devised a new kind of spectacles, the English Mechanic says, to prevent snow-blindness. It is well known that a long exposure to the glare of the intense white of the snow in the Polar regions is most harmful to the sight; to meet this difficulty, spectacles of green-tinted glass, surrounded by gauze, have been proposed. These will, however, fail in practice, as the glass part of the spectacles is liable to get dim and clouded, while the gauze and the wire, by means of which the spectacles are fastened behind the ears, will in an Arctic climate become so cold that to the human skin they will have the sensation of being made of red-hot wire. Mr. Cooper's snowspectacles have neither glass nor iron in their

NEW SNOW-SPECTACLES FOR THE ARCTIC | composition, for they are made of ebonite, and are tied on to the head by a velvet cord. They resemble somewhat two half walnut-shells fastened over the eye. Their great peculiarity, however, is that the wearer sees through a simple slit in front of the pupil of the eye. The sides of each eye-box are perforated with minute holes, in order that the wearer can get a side view of objects. These glasses will also prove useful to travellers by railway, inasmuch as they keep out the glare of the sun, and prevent the admission of dust into the eye. To engine-drivers, therefore, they would be invaluable, especially when exposed during sleet, snowstorms, or very windy weather. They are also very agreeable when reading at night by lamp or gaslight.